

THE HOME:
A
FIRESIDE MONTHLY COMPANION AND GUIDE,
FOR
The Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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MRS. MADISON.

MISS DOLLY PAYNE, afterward wife of the third president of the United States, was a Virginian by descent, although by the early removal of her parents to Philadelphia, she received her education in that city. She was reared in the Quaker faith, and always retained the simplicity of dress and manners thus acquired. We have very few reminiscences of her youth,

but can not doubt that she then displayed the same sweetness of disposition that distinguished her in mature life.

While still a girl she married Mr. Todd, a young lawyer of Philadelphia. She was soon left a widow with an infant son. Her marriage with James Madison took place in 1794. She immediately accompanied her husband

to his estate in Virginia, and resided there till his duties as Secretary of State under Mr. Jefferson called him to Washington in 1801.

Mrs. Madison was not accomplished, in the European sense of the term, but her frank and cordial manners, and her lovely character, soon drew around her an admiring circle. The hospitalities of the White House were then presided over by Mr. Jefferson's niece, and whenever she was absent, Mrs. Madison stepped gracefully into her place.

In 1809 Mr. Madison became President of the United States. The excellent qualities of the new chief magistrate were unfortunately obscured by constitutional coldness and haughtiness of manners. The social prospects of the incoming administration would have been cheerless indeed, had it not been for Mrs. Madison. She received her guests with cordiality and gentle courtesy, and by her cheerfulness and urbanity removed the stiffness which her husband's reserve produced. Never was the presidential mansion more attractive than during the eight years she presided there. The guest who entered the brilliantly illuminated drawing-room with nervous dread, no sooner caught the beaming eye of its mistress than he read "welcome" there, and felt himself at home. It is said that she never forgot a name or lost her interest in those who had sat at her table. When she met them in subsequent years she would give them a quick recognition, and perhaps remind them of some pleasant incident of their former acquaintance, which they had themselves forgotten.

While Mrs. Madison was unusually plain in her dress and furniture, her board was spread in a style of profusion which honored her Virginian ancestry. Her table literally groaned with creature comforts. The wives of the foreign ministers, who thought their presence conferred great distinction on the Republican court, were disposed to ridicule any departure from European etiquette. One of them laughed at

the enormous size of the dishes on Mrs. Madison's table. That lady heard her raillery without any of the sensitiveness of a little mind, and replied with the true dignity of an American gentlewoman, "that she thought abundance was preferable to elegance; that circumstances formed customs, and customs formed taste; and as the profusion so repugnant to foreign customs arose from the happy circumstance of the superabundance and prosperity of our country, she did not hesitate to sacrifice the delicacy of European taste, for the less elegant but more liberal fashion of Virginia."

Retiring with her husband to private life in 1817, Mrs. Madison maintained the generous hospitality which had characterized her at Washington. Montpelier was always full of guests, drawn thither not more by the sage virtues of its host than the gentle manners of its hostess. There the character of Mrs. Madison had a new and still more beautiful development. The venerable mother of Mr. Madison occupied one wing of the family mansion, where she kept her separate establishment, and retained the tastes and customs of ante-revolutionary times. It was interesting to see these two admirable women together. The wife of Madison, watching over her aged and infirm mother, was more lovely and attractive than when she presided over the festivities of the capitol. She soothed the declining years of her excellent relative with the filial tenderness of a daughter, and the careful devotion of a mother.

To a guest at Montpelier the elder lady remarked, "My eyes, thanks be to God, have not failed me yet, and I read most part of the day. But in other respects I am feeble and helpless, and owe every thing to her," pointing to Mrs. Madison. "She is my mother now, and tenderly cares for all my wants."

After the death of her husband in 1836, Mrs. Madison removed to Washington, where she resided till her decease. Her house was, during all

this period, one of the chief social attractions of the city. Statesmen, cabinet ministers, and foreign ambassadors were accustomed to pay their frequent respects to this venerable relic of a past generation, and delighted in her sprightly conversation. She retained her vigor and freshness of mind to the last; while her memory was stored with reminiscences of the olden time, she was an animated and watchful observer of passing events. Her death occurred July 22, 1849. A very large concourse attended her remains to the grave, and thus paid the last tribute to her distinguished virtues.

NELLIE M'GRAW.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

SHE sat stitching diligently by the window, while her husband Peleg, had taken her own sewing chair—the one that was her mother's before her—and placed himself between her and the little fire in the poor chimney, and there he had sat from dinner until now, spreading out his hands before the blaze, and toasting his shins comfortably on the hearth. Mrs. M'Graw was thinking as busily as she was sewing—thinking of the gate-hinge he had promised to nail on when he had time, of the loose clapboards he had promised to replace, and more than all of the promised work in the shop which was not yet commenced. And then she thought of the words her brother had said before she married him, "Peleg M'Graw will never have spirit enough to keep body and soul together, you may be sure of that. Just look at the way he walks." But Nellie Burr thought as she looked out of the window that Peleg walked very gracefully; and as for his sauntering, it was only that he liked to linger near her. And so Nellie married him, having first made ready her fine store of bed linen and table linen, the fruit of her mother's labors and her own, and her soft woolen blankets, and

her quilts, and her teaspoons, and called home the four cows she had reared from the heifer her father gave her on her tenth birthday. Her father and mother were both dead, but she had lived with her brother Gideon on the old place; and though Gideon Burr looked growlishly upon the marriage, he gave her freely all that was her due. Peleg had nothing to offer against all this store of Nellie's—nothing except himself! but he rubbed his waistcoat in a congratulatory manner when he saw the fine store Nellie would bring him, and he went and rented a house far beyond his means, into which Nellie came with her home-made carpets and flowered china, and other household comforts. But they found it necessary to move into a smaller one next year, and the same necessity had followed them ever since, and they had moved from place to place, till she was now far from her native home, in a low, crumbling cottage, with one room and a bedroom, and the loft, to which the ladder beside the chimney led.

"What are you doing?" asked Peleg at last, looking round at his wife, and noticing the work upon which her fingers were so busily employed.

"I am making a coat for Charlie Ward," replied Mrs. M'Graw.

"Oh! you are. What will she give you for it?" he asked again, with a look of gratification.

"A dollar."

"Most done, ain't it?"

"Yes! I want to finish it to-night."

"Will she pay you right off?"

"She said she would."

Peleg turned back toward the fire and rubbed his hands upon his knees, and then he began an interested inspection of the old ragged shoes he wore.

"My shoes are most gone," he said, "I need some new ones. I saw a good pair at the store for a dollar yesterday. I guess I'd better get them when you get your pay."

"The children have had nothing to cover their feet all the fall," said Mrs.

M'Graw, with a smothered smile. "They must have some shoes."

"They can wait," said Peleg; "they are young and stout, and then they don't have to go out in the cold to work as I do."

"Which do you think have been out to work most in the cold; you or the children, to-day, or any day this fall?"

"I don't know I'm sure. There's no need of their going out. They ought to stay in the house to keep warm."

"There would be nothing to keep any of us warm if they did not go out. We have had no wood except what they gathered for nearly a year."

"What do you tell such a story as that for?"

"If you will think a moment you will see that I am right."

"Well, when I get this work done for Kendall I am going to get some wood."

"Have you begun it yet?" asked Nellie suggestively.

"No! but I'm going to now."

Peleg had been "going to" every day during the week, and Nellie knew that it was of little use to remonstrate, but still she could not help saying that it was getting late, and he would have to begin soon if he began that day.

"It's plaguey cold out there," said Peleg; "I guess if you had to do your work in a cold shop you'd know the difference."

"It's not very warm here," said Nellie, glancing at the way in which he had posted himself between her and the fire, and shrinking from the cold wind that came in all about the loose windows where she was sewing.

"Well, if you do n't think it's warm here, I wonder how you'd like it out in that frozen shop."

"Why do n't you have a fire in the shop?" said Nellie; "there is that little stove we used to have in the sitting-room. You might put that up there. It would be much better than to waste your time doing nothing."

"There's no chimney there," said

Peleg, after twirling his fingers for some moments over the thought of the stove.

"You could cut a hole in the side, and put in the tin thimble. If you were careful there would be no danger. Come, won't you do it now?" she added anxiously, seeing that he was about suffering a dangerous relapse into his rocking-chair. "The stove is in the loft, on the south side, and the pipe lies behind it."

"Well, in a minute," said Peleg, drawing nearer to the fire, and shivering at the thought of leaving it. He knew, however, that his wife was watching anxiously for his first movement, and after a while he made a very energetic start from his chair, and took two steps across the hearth and then stopped, and stretched his arms wearily above his head.

"Where did you say the stove was?"

"In the loft, south side, under the roof, and the pipe is just behind it."

"S'pose it can be got down?"

"It went up easily enough. I don't see what should hinder it from coming down."

Peleg crawled awkwardly up the ladder, and after fumbling about a few minutes, he found the stove, and started with it toward the ladder.

"It's heavy, Nellie; come and help me," he called, after giving it the first lift.

Nellie M'Graw remembered the day when she carried it up the ladder, and into the loft alone, although her husband was sitting in his customary place on the hearth at the time; but she did it without help, because she could not wait his slow movements. She said nothing of this, however, but laying down her work, went into the loft, and helped him down with the stove.

"Shall I help you out to the shop with it?" she said, seeing that he had set it down at the foot of the ladder.

"Yes! pretty quick," he replied, walking to the fire.

"I can not wait; I must keep at my sewing," said Nellie, a little impatiently.

"Yes! you're always in such an everlasting hurry, you never can let one rest a minute," growled Peleg, resuming his seat.

Mrs. M'Graw went back to her sewing, and pretty soon, when a barefooted ill-clad boy came in and stepped to the fire for a moment, she said to him:

"Gideon, you may wait and help your father take that stove out to the shop."

"That little thing!" said the boy, looking at the stove-pipe of an affair. "Oh! I can carry that out alone," and he seized hold of it, and was about to carry it off.

"Set it down; it is heavy I tell you," said his father, rising from his seat; and taking hold of it with his son they soon set it down in the desired place.

Nellie now heard her husband moving about in the shop, and her fingers flew the more swiftly at the thought that he would at last set about his work.

Half an hour perhaps passed, and the sounds ceased; and after a few minutes Peleg entered the house, and taking up the chair in which he had been sitting all the afternoon, drew it with an angry clang toward the hearth, and sat down.

"Just like a *woman's* notion," he growled out; "any fool might have known better."

"What is the matter?" asked Nellie.

"Matter enough; I've been and cut a hole in the shop according to your wise notions, and now the stove won't go."

"What is the trouble with it?"

"Trouble! trouble enough I should think. The pipe comes smack up against the wall; it would set it afire in five minutes. Elbow ain't long enough."

"Oh! you've only got two lengths and an elbow. There's another length up there, that will set it out far enough."

"Where is it?"

"It must be near where the other was. It is a different kind, but then it will work well enough."

With much ado Peleg mounted again to the loft, and brought down a rusty length of pipe, and throwing it down pettishly upon the hearth, looked daggers at his wife.

"That's it, is it?" he said, with a concentration of spleen.

"Yes! that's the piece."

"You must be a great fool if you think that is going to work. I tell you it is a mile too big."

"It will work, for it has been put up so once already."

"I tell you it won't. It would tumble down the first five minutes, and set us all in a blaze;" and he sank back into his chair, and commenced a slow, monotonous rocking.

"Peleg M'Graw," said Nellie, desperately, "if I will set up the stove and make you a fire, will you go to work?"

"You! I should like to see you set up a stove."

"I have set up many a stove since I lived with you, and can set up more."

"I should like to see you set up this."

"Well, come out to the shop and you shall have the privilege;" and taking up the pipe she proceeded to the shop.

"You hav'n't got the thimble here," she said, looking about among the materials he had brought. "Gideon," she called, to the boy who was just approaching the house with an armful of broken wood, "go up where this stove was, and bring me the tin thimble that lies there."

The thimble was soon brought, and Nellie proceeded with her operations, until she had placed the small elbow inside the large length of pipe, when her husband broke in upon her with —

"There! I told you so. I should like to know how you think that is going to hold. And if it would it would throw down sparks among the shavings all the while. That's just as much as a *woman* knows."

"Gideon," said Nellie, without noticing her husband's delicate remarks, "go and bring me a hatful of pebbles from the road."

Gideon returned speedily with the pebbles, and selecting such sizes as suited her, she placed them carefully in the space between the pipes, bracing them as well as she could against the grooves, until the opening was pretty well filled.

"That's very nice," said Peleg sarcastically, when this was done. "The whole concern will tumble down the first time it's touched."

"Gideon," said the patient wife once more, "go to my red chest, and under the till, on the front side, you will find some wire. There are some papers over it. Don't disturb the clothing more than you can help."

"Now, will you drive a couple of nails for me up above the pipe each side?" said Nellie to her husband.

"What do you want of the nails?"

"I want them to wire up the pipe."

"The stove will come down the first blow I strike," said Peleg, approaching with nails and hammer.

"Give them to me," said Nellie; and driving up the nails herself she attached the wire closely to them and to the pipe, and then stepped down from the chair in which she had been standing.

"There," said she, trying the firmness of the stove, "it can not come down unless some one tries to throw it down. Gideon, make a fire for your father. He has some school-desks to make this week for Mr. Kendall, and it's Wednesday night, and they are not begun yet. School begins Monday."

"That's a fact," said Peleg, starting as if it was a fact which had entirely passed his mind until that moment.

Nellie M'Graw went back to her sewing, and was presently rejoiced to hear the plane moving backward and forward in the shop. "He can finish them yet if he hurries," she said to herself; and she began thinking how many comforts would come from the

money they would bring. One, two, three, four times across the board the plane was driven, and then the sound ceased.

"I wonder what he is doing now," she thought, as she laid down her work to go to the fire for the flat with which she did her pressing. In doing this she passed the window which opened upon one of those that lighted the shop, and there sat her husband with his chair tilted back, his feet on the top of the stove, and his hands clasped behind his head. The tears started involuntarily to Nellie's eyes.

"Oh, dear!" she said, "he never will do any thing. It grows worse and worse every year. I do believe he is *trying* to tip the stove over," she added, as she returned with her flat and press-board to her seat. But she wiped away the blinding tears that had sprung involuntarily to her eyes, for they would never do to sew with, on that dark cloth—never; so she strove to busy her mind with more cheerful things, and thought how happy the children would be with their new shoes on the morrow, and what comfortable stockings could be knit from the yarn with which Mrs. Ward was to pay her for making a smaller coat for James. While she was busy with these thoughts her little girl entered with her bare feet, red and swollen with the cold.

"My poor child, how cold you look," said Mrs. M'Graw.

"Oh! yes, mother, it's so cold," returned Maggie, shivering, and drawing nearer to the fire.

"You should not stay out so long at a time; you will get sick. I have been so busy I forgot, or I should have called you."

"But there's a great deal of wood fallen from the wind last night, and if we don't gather it soon it will be under the snow. Giddie says we must hurry."

The mother's brow grew more anxious, and her needle flew more swiftly as she thought of the dire necessity which urged her children forward in their hard tasks.

"It seems as if I never could get warm," said Maggie, after sitting awhile over the fire.

Her mother rose from her seat, and came and laid her hand upon the naked feet and ankles.

"This will never do," she said; "you must have something to cover them."

After a moment's thought she ascended the ladder and brought down a bag of well-patched stockings which had been left from last winter's wear.

"You must put on a pair of these if it does wear them out," she said, opening the bag. "For mercy's sake!" she exclaimed, opening the first pair.

Maggie looked up at her mother's exclamation, and there were her stockings eaten through and through by the moths.

"This is very hard," said Mrs. M'Graw with a sigh. "I know I've been too busy all summer to see to any thing properly, but I had no thought the moths would have got to these. Well," she added, "it won't be so bad now if you do wear holes in the feet," and she drew them on, and fastened them warmly about the stiffened limbs. "There, Maggie, they will help you get warm, and you must not go out any more to-night."

"Oh, mother!" remonstrated Maggie; "there's just one more stump—a good one, and Giddie says he'll knock it out for me if I'll fetch it. It'll be all froze down to-morrow, so we can't get it. I must bring that first."

Mrs. M'Graw looked through the window sorrowfully at the clouds, and thought that Maggie was right. The wood would be all frozen down to-morrow, and there might be little chance to gather more during the winter.

"Well, if you must go," she said at length, "you must take my shoes."

"Oh, mother!" said Maggie, laughing, "they are so big."

"Yes, dear, I know; but you can tie them on tight with cord, and they will stay till you get through."

Thus arrayed, Maggie started off

briskly to the field where her brother was at work, but her mother who watched her from the door saw that the wearied limbs soon flagged, and she walked as if every step was an effort.

"It is too much for such children to do," she said, as she closed the door; and when she passed the window to her seat, she could not help casting an indignant glance at her husband, who still sat toasting his feet on the top of the stove.

Maggie finished her task in the field, and while her mother still sat by the window trying to catch for her, sewing the dim light of the brief November afternoon, Maggie moved wearily about the house to prepare their evening meal. This meal, when prepared, was scarcely tasted by Maggie, or Mrs. M'Graw, for the latter could hardly spare time to eat, but the husband and father sat long at the table, until the food provided was nearly swept away; and when his supper was finished, he reseated himself on the hearth just where he would be most in Maggie's way as she cleared away the tea-things.

"Perhaps you might do a little in the shop by candle-light," suggested Mrs. M'Graw faintly. "There's another candle on the shelf."

"Shan't do it," snarled Peleg; "candle-light would cost more than it would come to."

Mrs. M'Graw thought that it would if he worked in his usual way, and did not urge the matter farther. Maggie finished her work, and sat down in a little chair upon the hearth, with her hand upon her knees.

"What is the matter, Maggie?" said her mother after awhile, hearing a low sobbing which the child was trying to smother in her lap.

"Oh, mother," said Maggie, "my limbs ache so."

"Gideon," said the mother, "fill the kettle with rain water, and swing it over the fire. Maggie must have her feet bathed and rubbed. You will rub them, won't you?"

"Yes, mother," said Gideon, promptly; and the swollen limbs were bathed and chafed, and Maggie, wrapped in one of the soft blankets which Mrs. M'Graw had woven long ago, was placed in bed, and Gideon creeping to his narrow bunk was soon buried in sleep. Then Peleg M'Graw, having warmed his feet through for the ninety-ninth time, rose up with a yawn and said:

"Well, if you are a mind to sit up all night you can; but I'm going to bed."

As Peleg had granted her this same privilege almost every night for a number of years, she did not think it necessary to make any reply to his remark, and planting himself in the middle of the bed, Peleg M'Graw reposed from the labors of the day, while his wife sat stitching by the dim light until the last stitch upon the coat was taken. Folding it neatly she laid it upon the table, and walking to the door looked out into the street. As she did so she heard the village clock strike eight.

"It's early yet," she said to herself; "they will be up these two hours at Mr. Ward's, for they are always busy. I may as well do it to-night, and then it will be done;" and taking down her hood and shawl from the peg, she carried home the coat.

Having received her pay from Mrs. Ward, she went down into the village to the shoe store, among the jesting men, who expected no female customer that night, and selecting a pair of cheap shoes for each of her children, she returned home. Then taking the bag of moth-eaten stockings, she darned a pair carefully for each of them, and placing them beside their beds, she retired, comforted with the thought that they would be protected from the cold next day.

The next morning, however, Maggie was too ill to rise from her bed, and did not need her shoes; but when Peleg saw them he growled forth his discontent:

"So you've used that money for the

children, hey? I thought I told you I wanted it for shoes."

"The children needed them more than any one," replied Mrs. M'Graw.

"Yes! I dare say," said Peleg, sharply: "every thing for the children, nothing for me; that's always the way with you. I hope you'll get paid some day for spoiling the children the way you do. I should have thought nothing of going barefoot at their age."

"I hope you never were without shoes in such weather as this," said Nellie.

"No! for our folks were better off than we are. But if either had been without, I guess my mother would have known who should have them first, and not put every thing on the children."

"Did your mother clothe the family?"

"No!" cried Peleg angrily, "no more do you. You need not think because you have earned a dollar that you are clothing the family. It's a great deal you do."

Nellie was thoroughly roused, and replied more tartly than she was wont to do.

"Peleg M'Graw," she said, "if I have not clothed the family for the last few years, I should like to know who has. The very shirt you have on was made of one of the sheets I wove when I was a girl, and your drawers are made of one of my blankets. Your coat and vest are cut from the pelisse I used to wear, and even your shoes were bought with money that was paid me for knitting. And if you look at the children you will not find an article that you have bought for them these five years."

The only reply to this was a sort of Indian guttural, with which Peleg flung angrily out of the house. Nellie saw that he went to the shop, and called Gideon to build a fire. But when this was done he was too angry—too much abused to work, and he sat down with his feet on the top of the stove, and rubbed his hands

through his hair, and darted fierce glances through the window toward the house. Thus he sat until the village clock told the hour of noon, when he seized his hat and directed his steps toward the house in pursuit of dinner. But the dinner was not on the table when he entered, and he sat moodily down upon the hearth. Nellie was in the bedroom bending over her sick child. She had covered a pillow with fresh linen, and laid it across a low chair by the fire to air, while she went in to give Maggie some simple medicine which she had prepared. But the child had started up in the strong delirium of fever, and struggled wildly in her mother's arms. She had succeeded in giving her the medicine, but she could not leave her to bring the pillow she wished to place under the head when she lay down, and she called to her husband who had entered in the meantime:

"Peleg, will you bring me that pillow?"

"What pillow?"

"The one on the chair beside you."

"What d'ye want of it?"

"I want it for Maggie. *Will* you bring it?"

"Ye-es!" and he dropped his head back on his hands.

"Are you going to?" said Nellie, after waiting a little.

"A pillow is it?"

"Yes! that pillow."

"Where is it?"

"On the chair beside you."

"Oh, yes! Why don't you bring it yourself?"

"I can't leave Maggie. Gideon, will you hand me that pillow?" she called to her son, who just then entered.

The pillow was brought and placed under Maggie's head, while she was laid softly back, and her mother strove by careful chafing of her hands and temples to soothe her once more to sleep.

"Why don't you get dinner?" called Peleg roughly, after waiting a few minutes longer.

"There are some things in the cupboard. Won't you help yourself to-day, Peleg? I am very busy with Maggie."

"What's the matter with Maggie?"

"She's very sick, Peleg."

"Oh, yes! I dare say. Any thing to get rid of work. *You* talk of providing for a family."

Nellie was silent. She felt too anxious about Maggie to reply even if she had been disposed to do so. Her husband and Gideon went to the cupboard and helped themselves to the food there, her husband moving things about in a way that did not assist at all in her efforts to quiet Maggie. The child soon started shrieking from her pillow.

"Don't let it! don't let it!" she cried. "The wood is all falling upon me."

"Peleg," said Nellie, holding the child fast in her arms, "you must go for the doctor."

"Must what?"

"Go for the doctor."

"Don't say *must* to me."

"*Will* you go for the doctor?"

"What for?"

"For Maggie."

"What's the matter with Maggie?"

"Come and see."

Peleg stepped into the bedroom, and looked at the flushed and struggling child, and turning softly, walked out of the room.

"Have you got any money to pay the doctor?" he asked, as he stepped into the kitchen.

"No! but he must come. Don't wait for any thing."

"He won't come without money."

"He will come. He knows he will be paid."

"Who'll pay him?"

"I will, Peleg. *Will* you go? I am very much alarmed about her."

"I don't think I look hardly fit to go down into the village," said Peleg, walking to the small glass that hung against the wall. "I hav'n't shaved this week."

"How can you think of waiting when Maggie is so sick?"

"Well, I'll go," said he, with a spasmodic start.

So, putting up his collar, and pulling down his vest, and brushing his napless hat with slow and thoughtful care, he at last opened the door and went out. But walking through the yard he stopped and leaned against the gate, drumming with his fingers on the top, and looking thoughtfully up and down the street.

Meanwhile Maggie's delirium grew more and more violent, and Nellie, looking in great distress through the window at her dreaming husband, called Gideon and said:

"Run for the doctor, Giddie. Go across the fields for it's the shortest, and be quick. Maggie is very sick, and the doctor will be gone unless you hurry."

Gideon pulled his worn hat with a jerk down over his ears, and shot off over the frosty fields with a speed known only to himself. He arrived at the gate just as the doctor was stepping into his buggy for his afternoon calls.

"Will you come to my sister?" said Gideon, pulling his hat-rim for a bow at the doctor. "She's dreadful sick, crazy as can be. Mother wants you should come, and just as quick as you can."

"M'Graw?" replied the doctor, doubtfully, looking at the boy.

"Yes! right up on the hill."

"Well, jump into the buggy, my lad, and we'll be there directly."

Peleg had at last opened the gate, and sauntered irresolutely half-way down the hill when he met the doctor and Gideon, driving rapidly toward his house. They were moving too fast to notice him, but opening his eyes to their utmost capacity, he stood with his hands in his pockets staring after them in blind astonishment for a few moments, and then turning back he retraced his steps with unusual rapidity.

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For many days Nellie M'Graw watched anxiously over her sick child, and when at last the fever left her, and she began to recover, her weak stomach rejected the coarse food which was used by the family, and her mother was puzzled to provide for her such nourishment as she needed. After making several attempts to prepare food for her from her own scanty stores, she stepped from the door one morning, thinking to go again to her neighbor Mrs. Ward, for some delicacy. But she had been there so often for things which she could never repay, that she did not like to do this, and she walked irresolutely through the yard. As she reached the gate a boy passed with a string of quails in his hand, and she asked if they were to be sold.

"Yes," said the boy.

"How much are they?"

"A shilling apiece."

Nellie had one solitary shilling in her pocket, and drawing it out she selected one of the quails, and returned to the house. The quail was very small, but she thought by careful management she could make three, or four meals of it for Maggie, and by that time she hoped she would be able to eat more common food.

When the quail was nicely dressed she cut off a portion of the breast and a wing, and placed them in a porringer to boil, while the rest of the bird was put where it would remain frozen. Then taking down her last drawing of nice tea, she divided it in two parts, and made a cup of fragrant tea of one of them, and preparing a bit of toast to eat with the meat, she sat the whole upon a small tray, reserving the broth which still sat in the porringer on the hearth for Maggie's supper, while the dainty morsel she had prepared sufficed for her dinner. Setting the tray down upon a chair by the bedside, she raised Maggie up to arrange her pillows. While she was doing this, Peleg came in from the shop and followed her into the bedroom.

"What is this?" he said, taking up

in his fingers the piece of breast which lay upon the plate, and biting it in two.

"It is a piece of quail I have been cooking for Maggie," said his wife, looking indignantly at him.

"It's very good," said he, swallowing the remainder, and digging his fingers again into the plate for the meat of the wing, which had loosened partially from the bone.

"Do n't, Peleg," said she, stretching out her hand to protect the remaining morsel.

"Do n't what?" said he, thrusting it into his mouth.

"How can you eat up the food I have provided for her, when she has scarcely been able to eat a mouthful for so long?" said Mrs. M'Graw, with the tears coming into her eyes.

"It's a great fuss you're making over a little bite like that. I hav n't eaten enough to feed a fly."

"But it is all there was."

"You need n't be so stingy, then. Why did n't you cook more? I'm sure I should like something nice once in a while;" and putting his fingers in the toast he broke off a large piece.

"There is nothing left for her dinner you see," said Mrs. M'Graw.

Peleg looked down blankly at the denuded plates.

"Well," said he, "you could cook more. It's your business to get me dinners as well as Maggie. I s'pose you do n't want this bone," he added, looking at Maggie, and taking the bone of the wing to which some meat was still attached.

"No; I do n't want any of it," said Maggie, turning away to hide the tears, and thinking that she could not eat it after it had been handled by her father's unwashed hands.

Peleg sucked the meat from the bone, and then taking up the cup of tea he drained it to the bottom at a draught.

"That's nice tea; why do n't you make such every day?" he asked, as he set down the cup.

"Have you drank her tea, too?" said Mrs. M'Graw, whose back had been turned at the moment.

"Yes! she said she did n't want it."

"Oh, Peleg!" she said reproachfully. And she went into the kitchen to see if she could make her a dinner of the broth which she had saved for her evening meal.

She brought a bowl and set it on the hearth, and turned for the porringer, from which to pour the broth, but Peleg just then came from the bedroom to his place on the hearth, and setting his great foot square into the bowl he tipped it over.

"It's well the broth was not in it," said Nellie, in a vexed tone, taking up the bowl and going to the table, where she emptied the porringer into a clean one, and carried it carefully into the bedroom that it might be out of the way both of her husband's feet and hands.

* * * * *

Peleg M'Graw was a moral man. He never drank or gambled, and loved to go to church when his clothes were in good order, and no one could have persuaded him that he was not a good husband and father; but Nellie knew in her every day life that every heart hath its own sorrows.

One day Peleg had borrowed a cart to bring some lumber to his shop, and as he was driving down the hill toward the village, he forgot where he was, and letting go the stake to which he had held, folded his arms across his breast, and fell into one of those reveries of which he never could give any account to himself or any one, and the oxen went where they chose. Among these choosings they chose to go over a large stone, and the cart was jolted so that Peleg called out "Whoa," but it was too late. He was jolted out of the cart between the wheels — and the next day Nellie M'Graw was a widow!

* * * * *

In the first anguish of her bereavement she wrote to her brother Gideon, who was now a substantial and wealthy farmer in his native town. She

thought that even if he were not willing to render her any immediate assistance, he might make the way smoother for her children. Gideon was now a stout active boy of fourteen, and she was anxious not only that he should be trained in habits of systematic industry, but that he should learn the best methods of doing whatever he undertook, and this she was sure he would be taught on her brother's farm.

But Gideon Burr had not forgotten the mortification of seeing his only sister go down step by step into those depths of poverty, which a shiftless husband had brought upon her, and he wrote back coarsely and unfeelingly that she "had made her own bed and she might lie down in it."

Nellie wept bitterly over the cold, hard letter of her brother, but when the first gush of grief which it occasioned was over, she rose up from it with new strength.

Thrown thus entirely on her own resources, she felt a sudden increase of that strong self-reliance which rarely fails in the accomplishment of its objects. Indeed she had not known till now how far her own efforts had contributed to the support of her family, and when the spring opened upon the first winter of her widowhood, she found that the season had passed more comfortably, and she was better prepared for the coming summer than she had been for many years before.

One day Gideon brought in a parcel from the grocery, which was wrapped in a fragment torn from a late number of their county paper, and Nellie's eyes fell upon an advertisement it contained. For a long time she sat with her eyes fixed dreamily upon it, while her hands were folded, and her work lay untouched in her lap, and Maggie moved about softly, wondering at her mother's unwonted idleness.

"I can do it," said Nellie resolutely, at last; "at least I shall make the trial and see what opportunity there is for success."

The next morning found her up

long before the dawn, and moving in the darkness over the soft spongy roads which led to the county town. But she went on cheerfully and rapidly, in order that no want of promptness might interfere with the success of her application.

When she came in from the country roads upon the sidewalks of the thriving little village, she removed the coarse, travel-stained shoes which she had worn to protect her feet from the rough way, and putting on a clean dry pair, rolled up the soiled ones in a paper she had brought for the purpose, making a neat parcel, and thus proceeded to the law office which had been designated in the advertisement.

"I assure you, madam," said the lawyer respectfully, after a short conversation, "that this is not a farm of which a woman can take charge. The owner is more anxious that it should be well and tidily cared for during his absence than he is for the rent."

"And is it not possible for me to be tidy and careful because I am a woman?" asked Nellie with a smile.

"But who is to do the farm work?" persisted the lawyer; "it needs a strong prudent man to do the farm work. You can not go out of doors and attend to the broken fences and unruly cattle as a man would do."

"I have a son who can do almost as much as a man, and what we can not do ourselves we can hire. One steady farm-hand would suffice for the greater part of the year. I should expect to superintend every thing myself."

"All over the farm? In rain and shine?" queried the lawyer incredulously.

"Everywhere — in rain and shine," said Nellie. "I do not offer to undertake this without knowing what I have to do."

"Have you any capital?" asked the lawyer musingly.

"Only my head and hands," said Nellie.

"Then how are you to pay for farm hands?"

"You say that there are several cows on the farm," said Nellie. "I can easily make butter and cheese enough to pay one man."

"Can you *make* butter and cheese?" he asked doubtfully.

"Yes, sir!" said Nellie.

"It is only the best quality that will command a price. That which is inferior never pays for making."

"I have taken the prize for the best butter and cheese making in C. . . . county when I was a girl," said Nellie, bristling a little. "I should be sorry if I could not make it as well now."

"You were brought up on a farm?" said the lawyer, a little more cordially.

"Yes, sir! on the Burr farm in T. . . ."

"Oh! you were, were you? I've heard of the farm."

Nellie M'Graw's promptness and resolution did not fail of success. The lawyer, who was agent for a small farm of fifty acres which she had seen advertised to rent, was pleased with her readiness, and apparent understanding of what she wished to undertake, and she was soon installed with her family in the neat cottage which belonged to the place.

The farm was well stocked—the buildings were in good order. Her task was to keep them so, and to gain her support from the land around her, and pay the moderate rent that was required. She knew that to do this she must toil early and late, but she was ready to do this; and she was rewarded for her labor by seeing such objects of comfort about her as she had not known since her girlhood. And her children, Gideon and Maggie, was it not a delight to them to bring in the brimming pails of sweet milk which their own hands had drawn, and see that it was neatly strained into the shining pans? And then did not Maggie learn promptly where the pans should be placed in order to secure the greatest amount of cream? And did she ever forget the boiling

water with which the pans, and churn, and cream dishes were to be scalded, and allow herself in improvident haste to rinse them in water but half warmed? Not she! She loved neatness and order as much as her mother had ever done, she was too happy in the rare comfort with which she was surrounded to flag in her efforts. How carefully she sought the eggs among the hay, and counted them for the market, and how skillfully she trimmed and planted the fine vegetable beds in the large garden, according to her mother's direction. There were no weeds allowed to gain place among them; there was no soddening and baking of the soil for want of proper care, and there were no such vegetables raised in all the town, as those that grew under the eye of Nellie M'Graw that year. She was well informed in most matters pertaining to farm management, and in what she did not understand she sought information and found it; first from her own observation of nature, which she held to be the first and surest source of knowledge, and beyond this, from the observation and information of others.

* * * * *

Years passed away. The original owner of the farm, who had rented it that he might go south for his health, had died there, and been borne to his rest in a land of strangers. And the farm was sold, and Nellie was the purchaser. Little by little, and by close and prudent management was the purchase made, but it was done at last, and the farm was hers, and Nellie M'Graw was a happier woman than she had ever been before. A railroad had been opened near her since she took the farm, thus increasing her facilities for market; an opportunity of which Nellie knew well how to avail herself. By close watching and selection of seed and careful management, she always produced the earliest and freshest vegetables, and secured the highest price. And so it was with her fruits. There was little in market of such good quality, or sent in such good

order as that which came from the farm of Nellie M'Graw.

Especially in the cultivation of strawberries was she successful, and she soon brought forward a new variety, so early and prolific as to create a demand for the plants in market. For two or three years she had struck such cuttings as she could spare, and sent the plants to an agricultural house in the neighboring town, but still the supply was not equal to the demand.

One day in the opening of the summer, Gideon Burr had some business in the town where he knew these early strawberry plants were to be procured, and though aware that it was late in the season for transplanting them, he rode to the warehouse where they had been sold, thinking that he might order some for fall planting, and thus secure the variety. But the proprietor had no authority to fill orders in this way, and told him that his only course would be to go to the farm where they were raised and leave his order there. This Gideon Burr was quite willing to do, for he thought it would be an advantage not only to procure the plants, but to see the manner in which they were cultivated. So he took a note from the horticulturalist to the proprietor, and soon drove up in front of the neat gothic cottage in which Nellie M'Graw had her abode. His eye ran admiringly over the well-kept walks, and fine flourishing borders and orchards, as he climbed out of his carriage; and he closed the gate with a respectful chuckle of approbation, and moved toward the house with increasing reverence, as he saw through the open hall a tidy servant girl washing bright pans in the white floored kitchen.

"This is just what a farm ought to be," he said to himself, looking from side to side. He bowed graciously to the fine, hale-looking woman who answered his knock, and inquired for the proprietor.

"I am the proprietor," said Nellie M'Graw, with no little embarrassment, for she knew her brother Gideon at a glance, notwithstanding the stout form

and gray hairs he had acquired since she saw him last.

"Oh, ah!" said he with evident surprise, and he handed her the note he had brought, and at which he had not taken the trouble to look.

Nellie took it and read it through, and handed it back to him, hardly knowing what she did. But it quieted her embarrassment to see as she did that he did not recognize her in the least.

She put on her sun-bonnet in compliance with his request, and went out to show him the strawberries. They grew upon terraces raised neatly one above another, so as to secure the best southern exposure, and the rich fruit was already ripening among the leaves.

Gideon Burr stepped up upon the soft moist mold between the beds, and stooped with an exclamation of wonder to examine the fruit. But the treacherous soil gave way beneath his feet, and he fell headlong and prostrate among the strawberries.

Nellie M'Graw looked back from the foot of the second terrace upon which she was stepping, and exclaimed with a look half comic and half serious:

"Well, brother Gideon, I have made my bed, but it appears to me that *you* have lain down in it."

Gideon Burr was rising heavily from his prostrate position, with a mixture of mortification and regret at the mischief he had caused when these words fell upon his ear, and checking the apology which was upon his lips, he examined the speaker from head to foot with an expression of bewildered astonishment. Then he glanced down at the bed of crushed strawberries, and finally at the forgotten note which he had thus far been fumbling in his hand. There was the address written as clearly as need be, "Widow M'Graw."

"Is it possible that you are my sister Nellie?" he said at last, looking back into her face.

"I believe I claimed that relation-

ship to you once," she replied, a little haughtily. "I do not know what claims I have now. That was long ago."

"And is this your farm?"

"It is."

"Why! how did you obtain it?"

"I earned it with my own labor and that of my children. The strength God gave us was sufficient for us. We have needed no human help."

"Really, Nellie," said Gideon Burr, his cheek flushing with deeper shame than the crushed strawberry bed had power to cause, "really, I might have known that one of the Burr family would be able to get along."

"Perhaps you did," said Nellie; "at least you left us to do it. And I am not sorry that you did. I have never been so strong as since I knew that I must depend upon myself alone. We have toiled hard but it has been no harm to myself or my children."

"Well, well," said he with no diminution of his embarrassment, stepping back upon a firmer footing than the soft mold between the beds, and wondering on what footing he was to stand henceforth with his newly discovered relation, the proprietor of the crushed strawberry beds.

"Here they are," said Nellie, willing to have the awkwardness relieved by the approach of her son and daughter, who came up bearing a basket of the earliest green peas between them. "These are my children, Gideon and Margaret. I named them for our parents," she added reverentially.

Gideon Burr was proud to welcome to his relationship the bright-eyed active looking girl, who blushed beneath her broad-brimmed straw hat, and the handsome, self-possessed young man, who returned his cordial greeting. He was glad to honor his sister's household in their unexpected prosperity. And Nellie M'Graw, with the loving spirit which a true Christian always feels, was glad to be restored for any reason to terms of familiarity with the home and friends who had been so dear to her in her early days.

THAT DEAR OLD SOUL.

"There are three classes into which all the woman past seventy that ever I knew were to be divided: 1. That dear old soul. 2. That old woman. 3. That old witch." — COLERIDGE.

"THAT dear old soul!" The very words bring up vividly to the mind's eye one long since gone to her rest, to whose name there were for years a sweet appendage. When first we saw her, her hair was blanched by many winters and many sorrows! but each of these winters had been succeeded by a balmy spring, each sorrow by a sanctified joy. Never till then did age seem beautiful. I had regarded one advanced in years like a tree in autumn, and standing only for the mad winds and the wild storms to whistle through and beat against. But in Mother Allen I saw the leaves only nipped and faded; the tree stood firm and strong, with its boughs still bending beneath the weight of golden fruit.

Her abundant hair was soft and silvery white — daubed with no vile dye, and hidden beneath no tress stolen from the brow of youth. It was combed plainly over that calm, pure brow which even time had not the power to wrinkle. Beautiful she could never have been even in sunny girlhood, for her features were large and irregular; but lovely she was even to the eyes of strangers, who had yet to learn her worth. Her eyes were deeply set, giving an earnest, thoughtful expression to her face, while the calm smile on her lips told of the perfect peace which dwelt in her bosom. In her face one might have found a fulfillment of the promise, "He shall have perfect peace whose hand is stayed on thee."

Mother Allen was no lady of leisure, with nothing to disturb her mind or interfere with her tranquillity. In early life, while her children were with her, she was called to drink the cup of poverty and unrequited love to the very dregs. Many an hour of anguish did she pass, in comparing the happy days of her maidenhood, with her then

present cruel desolation. Many a night, while the tempest roared among the trees which surrounded her comfortless home, while he who had sworn to protect her was a wanderer in the haunts of vice, did she kneel beside her sleeping babes, and plead with her mother's God that He would shield the defenseless stranger and her darling little ones. How often in solemn midnight did her plaintive voice mingle with the murmuring of the pines, while she plead with Him who "heareth the young ravens when they cry, that he would send bread in the desert to those who were of more value than they. In her agony for her husband, she would sometimes almost forget the temporal wants of her family, and cry unto Him who came to seek the lost, that he would restore the beloved, deluded wanderer back to purity, to home, and to duty. And she brought her case before the throne, as if she expected an answer of mercy. When the morning broke upon her sleepless eyes, she would gaze from the door of her unfinished dwelling on all the beauties God had spread out to cheer the heart of the weary. And for these she offered heartfelt praise. Some persons, when in anguish of spirit, almost reproach nature for its calm, joyous course. They feel as if it heightened their sorrow to see all things gay around them; they feel that nature should cast off her mantle of green and robe herself in sackcloth, that the flowers should wither, the stars fade, the sun hide its face, and the birds change their warbles into wailing dirges, all because one soul is in heaviness. But not so was it with the pure-hearted, the refined Ruth Allen. She thanked Heaven that when all was darkness and desolation within, she could look abroad upon a world of light and beauty; that when earthly love had deceived her, she could cast herself still on the bosom of One whose love and compassion are infinite. She saw the lily that without care or labor was so richly clothed; the wanton birds who were so tenderly sheltered

and sustained; the lowing herds trampling down their abundant provision in field and meadow, and raised her earnest eyes to heaven, whispering, in childlike faith, "Father, wilt thou not much more care for me and mine?" And think you that the young wife and mother plead in vain? Never. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things unto them that ask him?"

While Ruth Allen was yet speaking, her prayer was heard and answered. A solemn providence which deprived an evil associate of life in a moment, roused the sleeping conscience of her husband. God spoke, and he was reclaimed. As a humble penitent, he sought mercy of Heaven and forgiveness of her whose young hopes he had so cruelly blighted. Old things were passed away, and all things become new. God smiled abundantly on the labor of their hands. The showers fell freely, and the sun lay upon their meadows; their flocks multiplied in the pasture, and their cattle in the stall. They now had bread enough and to spare; and she whose eyes had faded by stitching wearily over the dull midnight lamp, patching the rags of her children, had now the joy of seeing them comfortably and decently clothed. Her grateful heart was full to overflowing. God had given her more of temporal good than her humble spirit had ever craved. He alone knoweth how much of this earthly good was given in approbation of her affectionate trust in Him.

"But shall a man receive good of the hand of the Lord, and not evil?" No; for "the day of prosperity and the day of adversity are set one over against the other." While the long-deserted home was beginning to bud and blossom like a rose, the angel of death sped thither, and overshadowed their dwelling with his dark wing. The first-born, who had been his mother's stay, who had sympathized in her anguish, kissed away her tears,

and whispered, "Wait awhile, mother; in thirteen short years I'll be a man, and then you shall never suffer any more;" he, the child of her love and her sorrow, was taken away, and his place left vacant in the little bed, at the hearthstone. She had then no time for tears—her care was all for the other two, who, while their brother slept in peace, were tossing in burning fevers on their bed of pain. The second, and then the third, in one short week, were laid beside him in the little graveyard of the new settlement; and the home of Ruth Allen, which so lately had rung with the merry laughter of these noble boys, was left unto her desolate. How desolate, bereaved mothers only can know. Did she wrap herself in deep gloom, and weep as one who would not be comforted, when this worst of all evils befell her? No; she gave her sons to God—they were not *torn* from her. So far from charging God foolishly, she even thanked him, that while many wretched mothers were weeping over ruined sons, she had the assurance that her whole family were folded forever in the bosom of Infinite Love, secure from hunger, neglect, temptation, and pain. Then, when this free-will offering had been made to Heaven, did she with a chastened mien go abroad among the poor and vicious, seeking for children to fill the places thus made vacant!

During the ten years that followed, four nameless little ones were received into her family and her heart. What had once been a forest settlement, was fast changing into the metropolis of a growing state. Wealth poured in upon farmer Allen, by the sale of his rich land. Servants and laborers filled their house and ground, and to them all his wife was a mother. She addressed each dependant as "child," and they were constrained to believe that in all her dealings she had their interest at heart. Then she began to be called "Our mistress, dear soul," and then neighbors and friends, and finally everybody called her "Mother

Allen, dear soul." A rude emigrant, unused to such tones, exclaimed, after being a week or two beneath her roof, "Sure, I thought afore I coom to this hoose that Protestants were all like wild bastes. I was taught by my mother—rest her sowl—that not a fut of thim hiritics could iver inter hiven, unless they first coom into the hooly moother choorch. But, faith, if the same is thrue, it's meself would rather be after living forever with the likes of my misthress, dear sowl, than in hiven itself among my own coontry folk; for it's drinking and fighting they be forever, when there be so many of them together, and not a Protestant at all there to separate thim and make pace. Och! och! but there's hiven in her eyes—my misthress, dear sowl."

Mother Allen had her trials among the many working people her husband employed. Her confidence was often abused, and her disinterested love repaid with black ingratitude. But through all she remained the same. No ear ever heard her taunt those rude children of oppression with their foreign birth, their early poverty, their false religion. She reasoned with them as human beings, she entreated them for their own sakes, and wooed them back to duty by her patient efforts. Many a lady, reared in a home of elegance, might have learned lessons of dignity and propriety from Mother Allen in her intercourse with, and her treatment of her servants. In no way is the true lady more readily distinguished from the counterfeit, than in her manner and dealings with these humble members of her family.

The love of this dear woman began at home, but it did not end there. The sufferer everywhere found in her a friend, the erring and fallen child a mother, and an encouraging counselor. In her closet, at her fireside, over her work, among her neighbors, in the church of God, everywhere, it was evident that she lived not unto herself. The most hardened scoffer was forced to admit that she was a bright and

shining light — a beautiful example for the wives, mothers, and mistresses around her. The law of kindness was ever on her tongue, and the gentlest and tenderest rebuke on her lips. Many a youth who had scorned a father's counsel, and despised a mother's entreaties, won by the sweet tones and affectionate interest of Mother Allen, has listened respectfully to her earnest warning, and been drawn by her efforts to forsake the seat of the scorner, and seek God's house.

But the place where this good woman's influence was most deeply felt — and it was a place she coveted — was at the bed of pain. The young, who, having been often reprov'd, had hardened their hearts, when they found sudden destruction coming upon them, would call for her in the hour of their soul's extremity. "Oh," cried one such, "I can not look upon my afflicted father, I can not see the pastor — his face would only remind me of the many warnings I have received unheeded from his lips; but bring Mother Allen to me; I can almost see 'hope' now in the memory of her dear face. Let her come and teach me; let her come, and with her faith pray for me."

But the frost of age fell upon her; its infirmities bound her fast, so that she could no longer go about doing good. But when she could not go out to her work, the work came in to her. The winter of her life had no long, dark days, no listless melancholy, no fretful murmurings. She moved around her house in a wheel-chair, demanding little care, but receiving much; the object of a thousand little acts of delicate love, which money could never purchase. A domestic being asked if she were not weary, replied, "No, I'm never weary in waiting upon her, for her patience would shame me if I were."

Mother Allen had learned that most beautiful of lessons for women, how to "grow old gracefully." She was not only borne with, but she was really admired for her age, and the charms

that clustered around it. Life's sun, which had been so often concealed by clouds, had its setting in a calm bright sky. We may almost say of her that she never died, her going was so like sinking into a quiet sleep. It was one cold bright day in winter, that she entered into her rest. Her chair had been drawn to the western window, that she might use the last of daylight in finishing one of several little garments for a suffering family. The last stitch was set, the last button sewed on, her thimble was placed on the window-seat, and the spectacles lay in her hand. She was noticed gazing at the gorgeous sunset, reflecting its splendor upon snow and ice-clothed trees, making the whole scene like a world of diamonds. The cheerful bell rang for tea; her aged companion and her attendant came to draw her chair into the dining-room. Each took an arm of it, when her husband said, "She is asleep, dear soul." She was not, for God had taken her.

Four strong men, whom she had saved in childhood from miserable poverty, gathered around her bier. They were not ashamed to weep for one so dear to their hearts. A bereaved community mourned her loss, while many poor and friendless, turned from her grave to trust in God. Whenever her name is mentioned, or her words quoted, it is as, "Mother Allen, that dear old soul." She was a most beautiful example of the first class of women referred to by the poet.— *Examiner*.

SHADES OF TWILIGHT.

SHADES of twilight, softly stealing
O'er the somber face of day,
Half concealing, half revealing
Each successive fading ray,
Ye awake to lonely musing
My tried spirit clogged with clay,
O'er my senses joy diffusing,
While ye veil the face of day.
When on earth my mission ending,
I shall calmly sink to rest,
May Heaven's twilight soft descending,
Guide me to mansions of the blest!

THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

MEMORABLE in the annals of the sixteenth century is the renowned siege of Antwerp, for the bravery, wise conduct, and inflexible determination of its assailants, the ingenious contrivances employed by the besieged, and the infatuation which prevented them from profiting by their successes.

Antwerp, for a long time previous to our narrative, had been the great emporium of the commercial world. Thither the broad waters of the Scheldt brought the wealth of every clime. Upon that noble highway of the nations the golden argosies of Peru floated side by side with the spice laden vessels of Ceylon, and the delicate fabrics of Italy met the substantial wares of Northern Europe. Several hundred vessels often loaded at the same time in the harbor of Antwerp, and thousands of loaded wagons, many of them from the remote interior, passed in weekly at her gates. So great was the bustle and animation in this mart of the world, that its streets daily resembled those of eastern cities on the occasion of their semi-annual fairs.

In the year 1531 the population of Antwerp was one hundred thousand, and its income from taxes, tolls, and other sources was greater than that of many kingdoms. Wealth flowed in upon this prosperous city with such a liberal hand, that every burgher seemed a prince, and the enormous taxes which Charles V. imposed to carry on his numerous wars, were scarcely felt by the people. Antwerp had reached that point when gold is diverted from the channels of trade to the cultivation of art. The dwellings of its citizens were beginning to be hung with the studies of the artist, and a national school of painting had sprung up, encouraged by the newly awakened popular taste.

The idea of liberty too, always dominant in the mind of a commercial people like the Netherlands, had

grown peculiarly strong in this great emporium. In that momentous struggle for constitutional and religious freedom, which the low countries waged for forty years against the stern and intolerant Philip II. of Spain, and brought at last to such glorious issue, Antwerp took a leading part. She had always been foremost in the expression of free sentiments, and boldest in encroachment on Spanish prerogative. It was therefore determined in imperial councils to humble the arrogance of this proud nurse of sedition and heresy, who, sitting as a queen on her broad waters, had dared defy the greatest monarch in Christendom. Accordingly the Duke of Parma, then commander-in-chief of the Spanish forces in the Netherlands, drew up his army before the rebellious city in July, 1584, and prepared to invest it.

The struggle inevitable upon this movement was most momentous. Upon the side of Antwerp religious toleration, ancient and great immunities, commercial prosperity, nay, its very existence depended. On the side of Spain, also, the question was one of vital importance. Defeated here, the door to the rich province of Brabant was effectually closed. The great cities of Flanders animated by so notable an example of successful rebellion, would take fresh courage and make stouter resistance. Thus great issues hung on this struggle.

While debating the siege of Antwerp, the Duke of Parma encountered the opposition of his most experienced generals. It seemed impossible to them, with any force at their command, fully to invest a town whose walls were covered on the land side by fortifications of immense strength and extent, and washed seaward by a stream whose deep current ebbed and flowed with the ocean. Moreover, large cities lay around Antwerp at such near distances, that they might be regarded as suburban. These were all embarked in the same warfare, all bound by the strongest motives of self-interest, to bring relief to a distressed confederate. But

supposing a complete investment on the land side could be effected, who would bind the waters of the Scheldt that they should no longer bring thither the corn of Zeeland.

All these difficulties and many more were urged upon the Duke by his generals. But that renowned chieftain listened to the voice of his own genius rather than to the timid counsels of his advisers. Through difficulties which would have seemed insurmountable to any other man, his sagacious eye descried victory in the distance. He did not, like Napoleon, depend on sudden and overpowering assaults for success. He laid his plans for months, perhaps for years. What the rapid evolutions of genius could not do, the slower and surer operations of famine should accomplish. Hunger should be the engine with which he would battle down the walls of Antwerp. All his plans looked far into the future.

Antwerp was surrounded by a network of rivers, canals, and dykes, by which, in her prosperous days, she had reached forth a thousand hands to the busy towns that lay around her. These channels of intercommunication must first be cut off. Numerous garrisons were at once stationed along the water courses, and in every town and village for many miles around the city, that, by constant sorties upon the adjacent country, destroyed the harvest, murdered the peaceful husbandmen at their labors, and carried slaughter and desolation into the fertile fields of Brabant. A system of secret espionage over the whole neighborhood was established by means of the Roman Catholic population, to whom the cause of Antwerp and Protestantism were one.

Meanwhile the Duke of Parma drew up his main force, and established his camp a few miles from the city. The inhabitants looked on his movements at first with scornful indifference. His slow and cautious approaches were the jest of the idle. Bread was still plenty, and courage high. Why should they lay up corn for the years to come?

As long as the Scheldt ran by their doors, there would be food within. Thus the golden moment when they might have filled their granaries, when ships laden with every kind of provision might sail unmolested into their harbor, passed forever away. Zeeland willingly offered them of her abundance, but a strange and fatal infatuation possessed them.

The Duke of Parma moved steadily onward. One after another his forts arose, commanding the main channels between Antwerp and adjacent towns. No more corvans laden with the fruits of the harvest passed through the gates of the city. No more pleasure-boats with gay decorations enlivened the canals. All was silence and desolation, where a few months before the voices of happy industry arose on every side. Armed bands now traversed the dykes and plundered the fields where in former years a peaceful peasantry had shouted the harvest home.

While the prince took all his measures with the utmost caution, and secured his rear by garrisons, he did not decline enterprises of a more stirring and perilous nature. By a sudden assault he made himself master of Dendermonde, an important town between Antwerp and Ghent. This latter city, inferior to Antwerp only in commercial importance, now lay at the mercy of the Spaniard. The terrified citizens did not even attempt a defense, but hastened off their messengers to sue for mercy. Very humiliating conditions were imposed, and a strong garrison marched in to exact obedience. Thus one of the great confederates fell without a blow.

Gradually the prince drew his cords tighter and tighter around the city, till the people found themselves shut up to their river. Hitherto they had taken no effective steps for their own relief. When the enemy threatened to bridge the stream, they regarded it an idle bravado. "A river that is two thousand four hundred feet broad, and, with its own waters alone, above sixty feet deep, but which, with the tide, rose

twelve feet more, would such a stream," it was asked, submit to be spanned by a miserable piece of paling?"

From the first the Duke had seen the necessity of controlling the Scheldt. He found it guarded by two strong forts a few miles below the city. He gained early possession of one of these, but the other made such valiant resistance that the siege was abandoned, after two thousand men had fallen before it. It was then that the Prince, always fertile in expedients, conceived the idea of bridging the stream. At the present day, when the science of engineering has been brought to such perfection, that broad arms of the sea are spanned by iron bands, and bridges are projected two or three miles in length, this enterprise would not be so formidable. But in the sixteenth century, when the mechanical arts had made little advance, and skill had not supplanted rude strength, a stream not quite half a mile broad, and sixty feet deep, with a very rapid current, offered formidable obstacles to the engineer.

The Prince first built two forts, one on each bank of the river, named respectively St. Maria and St. Philip. From these, two piers projected far into the stream, the main timbers being formed from the heavy masts of vessels, and covered at the top with a plank flooring. Two batteries were erected at the extremities of the piers, upon which large cannon were mounted. By these means the width of the stream was contracted about one-half, and the passage of vessels, under the fire of the enemy, was rendered very difficult. That portion of the river which still remained open, the Prince designed ultimately to close with a bridge of boats.

The confederates looked on these proceedings with anxious interest. They did not yet believe that their mighty river could be tamed, or that its proud tide would wear a foreign yoke. Still there was something in the calm and quiet determination of the Duke, and the cheerful courage with which he met and overcame dif-

ficulties, that puzzled and alarmed them.

But they were not long idle spectators. The capture of Ghent furnished the Spaniards with the material for their bridge of boats. The next difficulty was to bring them to the camp. It was found impossible to transport them by the ordinary route without serious annoyance from a fort which the Flemings had suddenly thrown up to cover a narrow passage in the Scheldt. To avoid this new difficulty, a second work was undertaken, inferior in magnitude only to the original enterprise.

By cutting the dykes in the Scheldt, the Flemings had managed to lay a considerable part of the country between Ghent and Antwerp under water. Their labor, however, instead of proving an annoyance to the enemy, was a most valuable aid. The Prince, eagerly searching for some new route for his boats, discovered a small stream called Meer, which fell into the Scheldt at a convenient point, and approached the deluged fields within five thousand paces. It at once occurred to him to connect these points by a canal. The idea was no sooner conceived than executed. The stagnant camp immediately became a hive of industry. Scarred veterans who had served in the wars of Charles V., laid aside the sword to handle the spade. The Prince himself took off his decorations to descend into the trenches with the common soldier. Animated by such high example, the work went bravely on. In an incredible short time a canal fourteen thousand paces long, and of sufficient width and depth to float ships of large burden, was completed. It was a gala day in the Spanish camp when the soldiers resumed their swords, and beheld the boats so long waited for, laden with food, floating past them on the new canal.

The bridge of boats was speedily completed, and one bright spring morning in 1585, spies from Antwerp who came down to reconnoiter the enemy, carried back the tidings that the gap was at last filled, and a beautiful

bridge stretched from shore to shore. Yes, there was no mistake now ; there lay that miracle of perseverance — the magical bridge of boats, lazily rising and falling with the tide, swaying to and fro with the wind, but always returning sound and unharmed to its moorings.

Quickly the startling news spread through all the streets of Antwerp — the gap — the gap is closed ! All was confusion and dismay. The affrighted citizens seemed to see the enemy already within their walls. Evil was the day when their proud river had bent beneath a master's yoke. Stout old burghers who sat smoking in their counting-rooms when they should have been filling their granaries, grew pale with fear. Nor came these evil tidings alone. Brussels had fallen, and now Antwerp stood alone among the great cities of the Netherlands, without one friendly hand to clasp in her hour of need. For many months they had seen the Prince drawing his net closer and closer around them, but while that one little gap remained they rested in peace. Now all communication with the world was effectually cut off, and they began to look into their barns and store-houses. There emptiness stared them in the face. Earnestly they looked around for some way of escape.

To the supineness which had seized the Antwerpers in the hour of peril, there was one notable exception. It was to a foreigner, bound to them by no ties of blood or nation, that they were to owe their last hope of deliverance.

Frederic Gianibelli, an Italian by birth, and an engineer by profession, having waited in vain in the ante-chambers of Philip II. for employment, now joined his fortunes to those of Antwerp. Long before the design of the Prince to bridge the Scheldt had become obvious to the stolid Netherlanders, Gianibelli had contrived means for destroying all his works. But when he laid his maps and plans before the magistrates of the city, and

demanded three large ships and sixty boats, and various implements to work with, those sage counselors laughed his wild and costly schemes to scorn. Famine and the imminency of the danger had not yet opened the purse-strings of the calculating Dutch. Well was it for them, that, stung by repulse, he did not retire from the ungrateful town, and leave a people so little able to comprehend a great idea to their fate. But the generous Italian was more intent on saving the town than revenging his insults. After repeated attempts he obtained the grant of two small vessels and a few flat boats, which he proceeded at once to fit up in the following manner : " In the hold of each he built a hollow chamber of freestone, five feet broad, three and a half high, and forty long. This magazine he filled with sixty hundred weight of the finest priming powder, of his own compounding, and covered it with as heavy a weight of large slabs and millstones as the vessel could carry. Over these he further added a roof of similar stones, which ran up to a point, and projected six feet above the ship's side. The deck itself was crammed with iron chains and hooks, knives, nails, and other destructive missiles; the remaining space, which was not occupied by the magazines, was likewise filled with planks. Several small apertures were left in the chamber for the matches which were to set fire to the mine. For greater certainty he had also contrived a piece of mechanism which, after the lapse of a given time, would strike out sparks ; and even if the matches failed, would set the ship on fire. To delude the enemy into the belief that these machines were only intended to set the bridge on fire, a composition of brimstone and pitch was placed in the top, which could burn a whole hour ; and still further to divert the enemy's attention from the proper seat of danger, he also prepared thirty-two small flat-boats, upon which there were only fireworks burning, and whose sole object was to deceive the enemy."

All things being in readiness, the 4th of April was selected for sending down these formidable engines on the enemy's works. It was a night long to be remembered both by Spanish and Netherlander. An indistinct rumor of an attack had reached the Prince, and caused him to draw out his forces in unusual numbers upon the bridge, and to station his main army close by, to strengthen them if needed. Thus by a cruel fatality the Spaniards were made to conspire with their enemies for their own destruction.

As soon as twilight began to thicken into darkness, the momentous night's work commenced. One after another the blazing fire-ships followed each other down the rapid current. The spectacle was most grand and imposing. The dark waters of the Scheldt were lit up with an awful splendor, and the winding banks for many miles, with their dark crest of verdure, shone in the ghastly light. Thousands of spectators stood on the city walls, or lined the shore, while below, the superstitious Spaniards watched the approach of the mysterious messengers with an indefinable dread. An eloquent historian has thus described the scene:

"The array of vessels kept approaching, and the darkness of night still further heightened the extraordinary spectacle. As far as the eye could fathom the course of the stream, all was fire; the fire-ships burning as brilliantly as if they were themselves in the flames! the surface of the water glittered with light; the dykes and batteries along the shore, the flags, arms, and accouterments of the soldiers who lined the river as well as the bridge, were clearly distinguishable in the glare. With a mingled sensation of awe and pleasure the soldiers watched the unusual sight, which rather resembled a fête than a hostile preparation; but from the very strangeness of the contrast filled the mind with a mysterious awe."

The false fire-ships being destitute

of steersmen, followed the course of the wind and current, and met with various fates; some were dashed on the river banks, and others were extinguished by the enemy without damage. Finding that these advance ships bore such harmless weapons, the Spaniards began to ridicule the whole affair. "Is this the end of these mighty preparations?" they cried, as with the glee of boys they sprang into the boats and extinguished the blaze.

While they thus amused themselves, the decisive moment arrived. The first of the real fire-ships, called the *Fortune*, was stranded on its passage and exploded, doing little mischief. The fate of the whole enterprise now hung on a single vessel, the *Hope*. As it sailed grandly down the river, many anxious eyes followed it, and many hearts were lifted in fervent prayer. Slowly and majestically the stately ship approached the breastworks, dividing itself a path like a king among the smaller craft. For a moment it hung at the floating outworks of the enemy, and then by its weight broke through and bore down with terrified force on the bridge. At that instant the explosion came. It was as if an earthquake had rent the earth, or a volcano had sprung up from the sea. For a few minutes there was death-like silence in the Spanish camp; and then what a scene presented itself. Again we quote:

"The waters of the Scheldt had been divided to its lowest depths, and driven with a surge which rose like a wall above the dam that confined it; so that all the fortifications on the banks were several feet under water. The earth shook for three miles round. Nearly the whole left pier, on which the fire-ships had been driven with a part of the bridge of boats, had been burst and shattered to atoms, with all that was upon it; spars, cannon and men blown into the air. Even the enormous blocks of stone which had covered the mine, had, by the force of the explosion, been hurled into the neighboring fields, so that many of

them were afterward dug out of the ground at the distance of a thousand paces from the bridge. Six vessels were buried, several had gone to pieces. But still more terrible was the carnage which the murderous machine had dealt among the soldiers. Five hundred—according to other reports, even eight hundred were sacrificed to its fury, without reckoning those who escaped with mutilated or injured bodies. The most opposite kinds of death were combined in this frightful moment. Some were consumed by the flames of the explosion, others scalded to death by the boiling water of the river, others stifled by the poisonous vapor of the brimstone; some were drowned in the stream, some buried under the hail of falling masses of rocks, many cut to pieces by the knives and hooks, or shattered by the balls which were poured from the bowels of the machine."

There were many marvellous preservations that night, and the Prince himself narrowly escaped, having, at the urgent entreaties of a soldier, removed from the fatal pier but a moment before the explosion.

This renowned exploit might have been the salvation of Antwerp. A large convoy of provisions was waiting a few miles below the bridge, ready to sail to the city the moment a passage was broken for it. These supplies would have so revived the strength and courage of the famished inhabitants that they might have offered effectual resistance to the further approaches of the enemy. But incredible as it may seem, nothing was known of the great victory at Antwerp till the bridge had been repaired. Some plans had been previously laid for taking advantage of a successful issue, but all failed for want of concerted action. A reconnoitering party who followed the course of the fire-ships on that terrible night, returned with tidings of the entire failure of the enterprise, when in truth their consternation was so great that they did not venture near the enemy.

The populace now turned upon Gianibelli as the cause of their misfortunes, and could scarcely be restrained from tearing him in pieces. A few days after, when they learned the true state of affairs, they were ready to worship him as a god. They immediately employed his genius in constructing new machines, and no longer doled out the guilders with penurious hand.

But a fatality seemed to rest on the city. Nothing which they undertook prospered. New ships were constructed which again blew up the bridge, but before the fleet could be brought up from below, the vigor of the Prince had closed the rent. Another and last project for saving themselves now occurred to the starving citizens.

The country adjacent to the east Scheldt was protected from its irruptions by a high embankment, counter to which the industry of the plodding Hollander had raised another dyke, called the Cowenstein Dam. This latter work was three miles in length, and of great strength, and defended from the sea the fertile fields which stretched from thence to Antwerp. By cutting through these dykes the waters of the ocean would be made to roll back to the very walls of the city. This it was now proposed to do; and as these works were at a point nearer the sea than the Spanish fortifications, vessels could be floated through, and thence to the city without molestation. A proposition to relieve the city by this means had been made early in the siege, but was defeated by the avarice of the butchers, whose cattle grazed that fertile plain.

The Duke of Parma, whose instinctive genius had foreseen this very emergency, had erected batteries, and stationed garrisons at certain points along the dam. To this point the seat of war was now changed.

The inhabitants of Antwerp, aroused by desperation from their insane stupor, began at last to bestir themselves like men. Since the Scheldt refused to do their bidding, or bring their ships

from the sea, they would cause the sea itself to wash their very walls. The butchers no longer opposed, for their fields were as empty as their stalls. The great dam of the Scheldt had been cut at several points, and it only remained to pierce the Cowensteindyke. The Zealanders, who made the cause of Antwerp their own, had attacked it several times from the seaward side, but, being unsupported by their allies, were repulsed, and obliged to retire.

On the 16th of May the great battle was fought which decided the fate of Antwerp. The allies drew together their whole strength, and staked their all on a struggle which, they felt, must be decisive. Messengers were sent to all the large towns in the Netherlands to solicit men and ships. On the morning of the battle more than two hundred ships sailed through the gap in the Scheldt, and over fields where lately the golden harvest waved, and husbandmen went forth to peaceful labors.

Before approaching the dam, the Zealand fleet sent out four fire-ships to clear a foothold. No sooner were they seen than the Spanish garrisons in the nearest forts, remembering their former terrible lesson, hastily abandoned their posts and retreated to the more remote batteries. This was just what the confederates hoped, and they hastened to profit by their good fortune. The fire-ships were so only in appearance, and bore men instead of infernal machines. Hastily leaping on the dam, they signaled their success to their companions. In a few minutes the dyke swarmed with soldiers, while, for some distance, the water was darkened with the forms of men, half wading, half swimming; some bearing their weapons high above their heads, and others dragging huge sacks filled with wood or earth for the construction of breastworks. And now the Spaniards, maddened to find themselves the second time duped by the same device, rushed headlong from their covert and attacked the defenses

which the allies were hastily throwing up.

Strange and stirring was the scene upon which the sun looked down that morning. Upon a narrow ridge of earth, not nine paces in width, and between two seas, five thousand combatants stood. In the midst were the pioneers plying their spades with the strength of desperation, pushing steadily on without casting up a glance at the thickening fight, and stopping only to thrust aside a dead companion, or wrench out a pile which the Spaniard had driven in. On either hand stood the soldiers bravely defending their rude breastwork from the enemy, who rushed upon it with a tiger-like ferocity. Both parties fought with frantic courage, for they felt that that day must decide the fate of the war.

At length the Spaniards, discouraged by the sight of the multitudes who swarmed from the ships to fill the ranks of the slain, lost heart and retreated to their works.

"The allies had won — the day was theirs — Antwerp was saved — the war was ended!" Such glad tidings every man read in the face of his brave companion in arms, as he embraced him on that narrow ridge. Soldiers sheathed their swords, and laborers threw down their spades, and all gave themselves up to a general burst of joy. Quickly the glad news flew over the waters, and a large ship laden with provisions was brought up to the dam. But as that was but half cut through, and no one thought now of work, the cargo was lifted across by willing hands, reloaded in smaller vessels, and borne victorious to the city. With it sailed the chief commanders of the allies, who, having led the battle, wished now to shine in the triumph. All was disorder on the dyke, and every man did as he listed.

Meanwhile the Prince, who had remained at the bridge to watch some demonstrations of the enemy in that quarter, learning the adverse state of affairs, hastened to rally his troops.

His presence so revived their courage that they who so lately cowered beneath their defenses, now clamored to be led to the assault. The Prince seized the auspicious moment. Again the dun cloud of war hung over that narrow battle-field.

The allies, seizing their swords, and forming their disordered ranks as well as they were able, received the advancing columns with a dauntless front. The scenes of the morning were renewed with even greater fury. On either side such feats of daring were performed as only despair could inspire. But the contest was not long doubtful. The disorganized bands of the allies, without concert or commanders, could not long withstand the fierce onset of men, maddened by recent defeat, and inspired by the beloved voice of their chief. The allies were completely routed, and retreated in the greatest disorder to their boats, leaving the Spanish colors floating over the dyke.

The issue of that day's conflict was the fall of Antwerp. Some feeble attempts were still made in her defense, but they only served to delay her humiliation for a few months.

In the month of August, 1585, the keys of the city were delivered to the Duke of Parma, and his heroic troops garrisoned its walls.

HOME.

BY ELLEN WILLIAMS.

THERE is one spot upon the earth
Far sweeter than the rest;
There is one spot, we all must own —
The brightest, and the best.

That spot for aye will memory keep,
With all life's earliest scenes;
And when our eyes are closed in sleep,
'T is rising in our dreams.

'T was there our infant feet were taught
Their first grand march to make;
There first our ears life's music caught,
When love's charmed voices spake.

Our childhood's home with all its charms
How dearly must we prize;

And many a gentle sigh will at
Its well loved name arise.

Its smooth green vales, its rippling brooks,
Its trees, its fragrant bowers;
How fondly unto each is linked
This future life of ours.

Should gladness crown the present day,
And ever be our lot;
Affliction come; or sorrow reign,
That name is ne'er forgot.

Our early friends may droop and die,
And slumber in the tomb;
We blend no more our thoughts with theirs,
As o'er the world we roam.

Our eyes may never gaze again
Upon that cherished spot;
Yet wander where we may that name
Will never be forgot.

DE. KALB CENTER, ILL.

LAST NIGHT I DREAMED.

BY WILLIAM DONALD.

LAST night I dreamed I was again a child,
Gay as the brook that bubbled past the
door
Of the fair cot where I the hours beguiled,
And laughed away bright days that are no
more.

And gathered round me were my youthful
friends,
Whose mirth was ready, as mine used to be
In cheering on our sports. But my dream
ends,
And I awake to stern reality.

In contemplation of my younger days
That now are fled, I would have lived them
o'er
Again, to much improve their careless ways:
My dream showed me the child I was be-
fore.

'T is thus in all the varied paths of life,
Our frolics, though they brand and stain
our name,
We justify and sanction in the strife
With brother man, and live on still the
same.

BUFFALO, Nov., 1856.

FINE gold will change, and diamonds fade,
Swift wings to wealth are given;
All-varying time our forms invade,
The seasons roll, light sinks in shade,
There's nothing lasts but heaven

BESSIE LEE'S DIARY.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

But ever and anon, of grief subdued,
There comes a token, like a serpent's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued.
(CHILD HAROLD.)

I can not think of sorrow now, and doubt
If e'er I felt it; 't is so dazzled from
My memory by present happiness.
WERNER.

THERE was a great stone on the green slope leading down to the gate by the roadside, and a little thorny berry vine crept over it. The road passed by the old house, and then abruptly turned an angle made by a projecting wall, which hid entirely the approach of any travelers, who might at long intervals pass the grove. This stone, with its creeping drapery, was my place of resort during the wicked period of my life, sometimes called innocent childhood. Why so called, I can not yet determine. My first sin was that I was motherless. Had I died and been buried in the same grove with her, I should have received a flattering obituary, somewhat after this wise:

"Little loving creature! Her gentle heart's tendrils clung so closely to the one who gave her birth, that life went out on earth—to be relit in a better world—when her mother's soul winged its way to Heaven. Peace to thy soul, sweet Bessie Lee."

How I wish such an article had been written, and how I always wished it, the old stone could attest, as I moaned out the desire to it many and many a time. My next sin was, that my poor father was always unfortunate in pecuniary matters. Perhaps this sin should have ranked first; I can not determine its exact place now. No doubt the aggravation of one heightened the heinousness of the other. The third sin was, that I grew plainer and plainer every day, which was quite needless, as I had but a small stock of beauty with which to begin life. Then there were many more evils about me for which I was considered answerable, such as not being happy,

getting ill sometimes, etc., etc. I had relatives, but as I before hinted, I was troublesome—very. I had a miserable way of not being grateful when I had nothing for which to show my gratitude. Even now when I am called a young lady, I find myself unable to get rid of the unhappy trait, though I have tried, but illy succeeded. For this and sundry other failings, I was sent to a distance to board with a very shrewd personage, who was, if possible, to eradicate these great evils mentioned last, and to grow sufficiently useful to counteract the two first and most important of all. Then I should be welcomed back, a worthy member of the households of my relatives. My mentor did not fail from any lack of experiments, but from an entire want of capital in the way of original goodness in myself. If the poor woman had any lingering doubts of the correctness of the doctrine of total depravity, she must have been confirmed in the belief through my instrumentality. My father was far away from me, trying in a useless kind of way to gather for his child a little gold, that she might be more precious in the eyes of her kindred, but some sinful persons—sinful because needy—enticed him, by sundry griefs and misfortunes of their own, to share with them his gains, and he believed that the benediction was meant for him, "Blessed are ye who sow by many waters;" and that it was a *fact*, that giving to the poor really was lending to the Lord; but whether there was a percentage connected with this belief in his mind, I am entirely unable to say. I think not. He found those insubstantial things called the blessings of the poor and suffering, a pleasure, a very great pleasure. I am not sure but some would call its excess a sort of dissipation. Of one thing I was made *miserably* certain, though, thank God, he never knew it, that he showered no rich gifts upon those who cared for the wants of his little daughter. Simply defraying my expenses was all he thought necessary. His great heart

full of the richest fatherly affection he gave to me, and could I pain him by telling how miserable I was when he was gone? His visits which were seldom — oh, too seldom — seemed the bright eras in my poor loveless life. How many days I sat on that thorny covered stone and strained my little eager, gray eyes to catch an early glimpse of the coming carriage, whose rattling wheels echoed over the rock at the road, wondering for the thousandth time if *this* one could be my father's. I would not dare to tell, even if I could. Then when a strange face looked out from it, how my little aching heart throbbed, and the great lump gathered in my throat, which I tried and tried in vain to swallow, till the tears came trickling down my bowed face, and on the green vines about me, glistening in the sunshine, as if to mock the poor little girl above them. Then a ray of hope would creep into my sad thoughts, and I would listen and look, and look and listen again, to be again disappointed. How I longed to go down the road and climb to the top of the high rock, and look farther on; but I was too wicked to be trusted up so far, lest such great sinfulness should be punished by a fall. I was too ignorant then, to understand my father's faults, and loved him with an idolatry which was considered quite heathenish. His last visit, the hope of another, and my books, were the only happiness I had; and this was more than I deserved. I struggled with my whole soul for precedence in my classes, not with a child's laudable ambition, to receive the honors, but to please my father in part, but more to be revenged on my mentor for calling me an "idle little thing," when I sat upon the great stone.

Childhood at length wore away, and I was sixteen. I began to dream that there was in this world some atonement for poverty and plain looks, for in my classical tutor I found one who understood and could appreciate the dormant qualities of my soul. He was

my senior by some twelve or thirteen years. I began to look upon the world from a different point, or at least through a finer medium, when my beloved father went up with the death-angel to join my mother. The rich diapasons of grateful hearts, was the music which wafted him to that better world, where I fully believe he found riches which all may share, and that he received an inheritance prepared for all faithful stewards. I was alone then.

"Alone! alone! no sadder word
By mortal ear is ever heard!"

It was a cold, stormy Christmas day when the ice closed over him, amid the still waters of a northern lake, and left my heart colder and darker than the waves about him, and harder than the ice above. I did not weep, for I knew that he had not gone to the land of unrest. Light sorrows spring to the lips in words, and to the eyes in tears; but for mine there was no expression. The rites of religion were not performed over his lifeless remains, neither were they gathered to the graves of his fathers, or slept by the little mound of one, the memory of whose love he cherished forever. The church raised no tablet to his name, for he professed no outward religion, and sat not at every stated time in the sanctuary of — Mammon.

Little by little, I grew to be glad that he was gone. I was sure that no one would remember his faults. I had hoarded my heart full of his good deeds, and this was all the wealth I had, or desired. Perhaps that word wealth is a misnomer in this case, to most people; but it is not one to me; and as I write this prelude to my diary for my own especial pleasure, I can believe what I like. It is a part of my creed that the memory of noble self-denying acts, and high, pure motives, soothes a sorrowing heart sooner than gold.

So much for my childhood; yet it is more than it deserves of notice. It seems like looking far, very far, into a thick vista of pines, whose closely

clinging branches hide the sunlight, except at long intervals; but when the bright beams do find a little place through which to gladden the deep shadows beneath, the sad unceasing music, with its almost human moaning, makes us forget that we can see heaven up through the openings.

To-day I am seventeen; and, though the records of a diary may never be read by tearful eyes when I am gone, yet it will serve to occupy a little space in the vacuum of my existence. My teacher desired it also, and he is the only one I care to oblige. I wish he were my elder brother, I should have nothing left to desire. My cousins do not love me, for I am too unloveable. They could not if they would, and I would not if I could love them.

There will be little of note; and many days, perhaps weeks, when all the days will be filled with aughts.

Jan. 1. Cousin Weston told me that my father left me nothing, absolutely nothing. My heart gave the assertion the lie, but my lips uttered not a syllable. I must begin to exert myself. The family record says I am young, but I do not feel so. A worn-out heart beats slowly in my bosom. Not a human being can make its pulse throb faster. Sometimes it used to bound to the poetic sympathy of my silent friends—my books. Not now. Cousin Weston and Lillie seem proud of my wit, and enjoy my retorts and sarcasm, but nothing more. I don't wish to please them—to please any one. I can laugh so merrily, that it is contagious to all, even if they do not know the reason, except Harry Lane. He never laughs when I do. During my recitations he does not look at me, and when obliged to address me, it is in a sad earnest voice, and a dreamy forgetfulness of the topic under discussion. He has some deeply hidden grief, which I believe my black costume brings to his mind. Cousin Weston likes him, but hates his profession. Why? Cousin Weston asked him to-night why he did not choose some other path in life, where his

great talents would not be hidden in a napkin. Mr. Lane looked steadfastly at his questioner a moment as though listening to some inner prompter, and then replied, "There's a still small voice which leads me in all my ways. I think it is my Master, and I obey. Where He leads, I follow." There was something so unanswerable in this, that Weston only said in a half thoughtful, half sneering way, "You have ideality largely developed." "Perhaps so," Lane replied, and was off in a long deep reverie.

How strangely he hoards his great energies for the time of necessity. I often wish he were my brother, for then how complete my life would be! I like him—I don't know why. Perhaps because he does not praise my genius, or laugh at my sarcasms. He crosses from my pen sketches all the bitter things. To-day he wrote under a crossed out page of my manuscript essays on The World: "Charity, my child, charity, every heart hath its own bitterness. Add not a drop, lest the cup runs over." What did he mean? If he were always near me, I should think better of this life of mine, and yet those lines on his brow, those deepening curves about his mouth were never in any face except a sorrowful heart gazed through it. And yet he never complains; never says a harsh word of the world, or his own surroundings. I wonder if anybody loves him, or is he alone, like poor Bessie Lee.

Jan. 2. Nothing.

Jan. 3. Mary Timon is no better. How quickly the day passes when one is every moment employed. She will go soon, and to a better world, if suffering both mortal and spiritual could purify her. Her face looks up from her straw pillow, as brilliant as an angel's.

I wish Mr. Lane would not call so often, or if he does, he need not ask for me. Why is it? He is scarcely civil to me of late. He never talks to me, but chats to Lillie all the evening. Jane just come in to say he was here,

and wished to see me. I believe that poor patient girl loves me more than any other human being does, now that father is gone. She brushed my tumbled curls, kissed the crown of my head, and said, "Poor girl! poor girl! I wish I was rich." I don't know whether she meant me, or herself, with her "poor girl." "Let Mr. Lane wait till I have finished this note in the record of nothing." Finished reading some of Mrs. Norton's poems. Mr. Lane's reasoning could not convert her to a belief in earthly happiness. How I wish I could express the poetry which is aching for word-life in my heart. It would be a wail of—nothing.

Jan. 3. 0 0 0.

Jan. 4. 0 0 0.

Jan. 5. What did he mean? He talked to cousin Lillie all the evening, and spoke to me but once, after having me called from a quiet reading of Goethe in the original, as though I wished to listen to him. He spoke once, and that once! Cousin Weston remarked that I reminded him of a blue-gray granite tombstone, over a young lady embalmed in imperfect sheets of Miss Landon's poetry. Lane rose, and came to the table on pretense of getting a print, and I looked up laughing to see if he too was amused at the odd idea, and found his eyes gazing down into mine with a mournful, earnest expression, and added, "Your laugh is as false as the inscription, and as mournful to me as the tolling of the bell, but your heart is not hollow." He did not intend Weston should hear this remark, but he did, and added jestingly, "Wouldn't she make a capital sign for an undertaker?"

Lane turned upon him a flashing indignant look, took his hat, and said "Good-night" immediately. Cousin Weston said Mr. Lane was a little capricious in his temper. What an absurd notion about the density of my heart! It is hollow, a perfect vacuum. Why should not it be? My

life looks in review like one long dull, dark line.

Jan. 5. Last night after a moment given to my journal, I put on my warm shawl and crept softly out before the keys were turned for the night, and stayed with Mary Timon. She can not live long, poor thing! Why did I add that last sentence of commiseration? She will be happy when her worn-out body is laid aside for an angel's form. How like one she seems already, while she talks to me at midnight. Her voice alone breaks the stillness, and even that will soon cease forever. She told me of her own sad life, sad because death came, wearied in toil, yet strong in endurance, patient in hardships, for Love sat with folded wings by her fireless hearthstone. When this brightener of life plumed its wings for the Paradise to which she was hastening, hope grew strong, but life waned. Her husband had loved her truly, tenderly, but disease came upon him ere the first moon of married life had spent its light, and the little one which lay but a few hours on her bosom, to teach her how strong, how beautiful a mother's love might be, went back to heaven, and yet for all this no murmur escaped the lips of Mary Timon. If she had seen sorrow, it had always been gilded by some beautiful hope. She told me that my face wore a look which came from the bitterness of my own heart, that it bubbled up and up, and over and over, until there was but one sweet thing there, and that was the ever-abiding love I cherished for the memory of my father. She said if spirits bore any tidings to the Great Beyond, she could tell but a sad story of Bessie Lee. "Poor Bessie! poor Bessie Lee! she will lay aside her own comfort, her own strength, for a worn-out creature like me, but gathers no happiness for her own heart, because she scorns the little things of life, and does not know that a true woman finds her highest enjoyment in the sacrifices she makes every day of her life."

She looked with pity at me for a moment, and then turned to the wall and was silent till the daylight came in through the window. I began to understand why she said "*Poor Bessie Lee.*" It is because I carry within my own bosom the elements of misery, and it comes not by surroundings. I am cold and haughty to my equals, or superiors, but my heart is all tenderness to my inferiors. I love Jane the seamstress better than Lillie, proud cousin Lillie. I could kiss the lips of a beggar, but never an equal.

To go back to the time Mary turned her face from me. It was still, very still in the room. I could hear my own heart beat, when a light noise at the old rickety casement attracted my eyes quickly, and there was a face precisely like Harry Lane's pressed close to the glass. It can not be that he was there at that hour. I rose and put the blade of my knife over the door-latch, and seated myself again. I did not do this because I was afraid, for I never knew what fear meant, but lest poor Mary should be awakened by some one stepping in. I spent the night in devising some plan by which I might live a new life among strangers. I have not yet strength of character, or firmness of purpose to change my outward seeming before those who do not understand me, who do not know that I have a world within my own heart, and can

"Spider-like spin my plan out anywhere."

With the morning sunshine upon my head, I resolved that no murmur, no mocking merriment should escape me this day, and I am happier to-night than I ever felt before. How strongly like Harry Lane that face looked last night.

To be continued.

FREQUENTLY ask yourself *what* you have done, *why* you have done it, and *how* you have done it. This will teach you to inspect your actions, your motives, and the manner in which you discharge your duty.

WHERE ARE THE FLOWERS?

ANSWER TO THE QUESTIONING OF A CHILD.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

No world of joyous life appears,
As when, the summer long,
The birds poured out for thy glad ears
Their jubilee of song.
The trees have bared their leaf-crowned heads,
At Autumn's wailings deep,
And sweetly in their silent beds
The flowers have gone to sleep.
Fast bound by winter's icy thrall,
The brook hath ceased its flow;
And all around us softly fall
The crystals of the snow,
My love,
The crystals of the snow.

See, here upon your muffler caught,
How fine these crystals are —
No jewel for a princess wrought
Is carved with half the care.
Now melted 'neath the fur it lurks,
A drop, whose light hath shown
How lavish are the perfect works
Our God hath round us strewn.
'Mid winter's chains the silent land
Doth still with beauty glow;
We welcome from a Father's hand
These crystals of the snow,
Sweet love,
These flowrets of the snow.

The songs of summer winds are changed
To anthems loud and deep,
And storms that have the icebergs ranged,
About our dwellings sweep.
If summer's singing winds rejoice,
These wild notes please as well;
As if we changed a maiden's voice
For the deep organ's swell.
The poor in wretched huts must prove
Stern winter's keenest woe,
But deeds of charity and love
Will blossom 'mid the snow,
Dear child,
Will blossom 'mid the snow.

The earth that hath our labor blest
With choicest fruits that grow,
Is laid, for winter's needed rest
Beneath the fleecy snow.
The bulbs we planted brown and sere
Before the autumn's close,
In spring with gorgeous flowers will peer
Glorious from their repose.
So we, from summer's life apart
Will well the hours improve,
And in the garden of the heart
We'll rear sweet flowers of love,
My child,
Life's holiest flowers of love.

WOMAN.

BY PEGGY NIFFIN.

"Women are the poetry of the world in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of Heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are the terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind."

THAT sounds exquisitely! The author of that idea must have had a soft poetical heart, a much softer head. I wonder if the tender parent of it ever saw a woman playing at quadruped with a scrubbing brush? Poetry! Umph! The stars are no farther from the writer of that sentiment than I would like to be from him. "Clear, light-giving, and harmonious." Say laughing, pastry-rolling, clear starchers, and it would seem quite sensible. The female represented may be clear, very clear, and you can see through the shallow fool too. She may be light-giving, and so is phosphorus; but 'tis neither warm nor pleasant: and harmonious too; so is the twitter of a bird like her, and about as sensible. She may rule the destinies of man, but destiny may be fixed in a very disagreeable spot. Say that I am a *true woman*, and you have paid the highest compliment I can receive, and stop your nonsense if you please. I would as soon be put up on a pole over the garret scuttle, as to be raised to such a place in any man's imagination, and would as surely come down most ingloriously from one, as the other. Let that man marry his angel if he likes, and he would most certainly wish her to return to heaven very soon after marriage. A real substantial wife, and no poetry at all about it, is all that will long retain the regard of any man whose love is worth keeping. One who can say a sensible thing occasionally, and who thinks as much of her husband's comfort as she does of what her neighbors say. She must bake, brew, sew, dust, and even share his labors if necessary, and not feel ashamed of it either; a woman who is mistress in the kitchen, in the parlor, in the sick room, and, above all, possessor of her husband's respect and love as well as admiration, is the only real woman.

The stars, poetry, and the clear-light-giving ones are bogus. If you don't believe it, try one, and you will find that one poetical sentiment is true, that "Distance lends enchantment to the view;" and in your peculiar case, the greater the distance, the greater the enchantment.

ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.

BUT how are we to learn to be good wives, you may ask, while we are yet scarcely more than children? We answer, begin now to keep your boxes, drawers, desk, etc., in perfect order; never put on a garment with a hole in it when possible to prevent it, and never descend to family prayers and the breakfast table until your whole person, from your glossy hair to your little feet, is perfectly neat and clean. We would also advise every young girl to take care of her own bedroom, for if you learn how to arrange one department well in every respect, you can at once know how to overlook a whole house, however large.

You must take care to abhor with all your might, dust under your bed and bureau, as well as upon them. Always hang up your dresses and skirts on hooks, instead of leaving them on backs of chairs, and pray do not have a battalion of shoes kicking about under your bed, but put them in any bag or band-box that you can get for that purpose, properly paired, and not with "one mate, and one odd one."

Perhaps an additional inducement for taking care of your own rooms will be the last, that to throw up your windows and make your bed, dust, sweep your apartment, will give you a healthy bloom upon your cheek, which all the cosmetics in the world could not impart. If, our dear young lady readers, you will take our advice, and begin at once to overcome whatever disorderly habits you have, you will in the end grow to be women who have the will and ability to impart an

immense deal of comfort and happiness to whoever may have the good fortune to marry you; and we are sure that you can not imagine, in this world, a more gratifying destiny, unless, indeed, you are horrible, gorgonized, strong-minded females, or heartless, fashionable flirts, who, not knowing what real love is, spend their empty lives in making pretense of affection, and degrade the highest attribute of their natures into a foot-ball, to be kicked about from one to another.

PARTING.

FAREWELL!

Yet in the zenith thy star may shine,
Fame with her wreath thy brow may twine,
Each fond wish of thy heart be thine,
Farewell!

Yet stay!

The soul will waste in ambition's flame,
There's a brighter wreath than that of fame,
Seek not to win the poet's name—
Oh stay!

Adieu!

May friendship strew thy path with flowers,
Whose hues shall brighten in darkest hours,
Such as shall bloom in heavenly bowers,
Adieu!

LEROY.

CORNELIA.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

"Must I ever be called the daughter of Scipio,
rather than mother of the Gracchi?"

THOUGH centuries have rolled away,
And darkness once again held sway,

When died the "Son of man;"

Yet on th' historic page still lives,
The brightness that thy memory gives
To gild life's little span.

"Daughter of Scipio!" yet would'st claim
A richer boon, a prouder name.

"Mother of Gracchi!"

A joyful fountain bursts its seal—
With life is linked a higher weal,
To fame a stronger tie.

Romans with pride her praises taught,
Admiring Greeks the echoes caught,
And told them o'er and o'er;
While gifts from foreign princes came
To her who left the Scipio's name
More radiant than before.

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Some golden link from love's bright chain
The angel Death once and again
Claimed with relentless power;
But brighter through the earth-clouds beamed
Those gems of soul, which God-like seemed,
Her true and native dower.

And long shall Lethe's waters roll,
Ere they shall blot from fame's proud scroll,
Cornelia's shining light;
Not till the voice of history's hushed,—
Not till the footprints of the just
Are lost in error's night.

FIRESIDE EDUCATION.

HUMAN society is composed of families. A family consists of husband, wife, children. This is not an accidental or arbitrary arrangement. The family compact originates in the necessities of our nature; has existed from the creation; and, by the good providence of God, will continue till the end of time. Accordingly, all attempts to encroach on the obligations, as well as the privileges, of the family relationship, have proved less or more nugatory, and must ever inevitably do so. It may be a matter for consideration whether the government of a nation should be a monarchy or a democracy; or, as in England, a mixture of both; but there is no need for considering on what principles human beings shall be cared for in the domestic government; these principles have been settled long ago by the Creator, when he made man, and any cavil on the subject would be altogether worthless. What is the fundamental object of the family compact, is extremely evident: a due proportion for the affections, and for the nurture and education of children—the latter insured by the permanence of the matrimonial engagement. Thus, by what we must call a primary ordination, father, mother, children, compose a community distinct in its character, and which all must recognize as essential to the subsistence and well-being of civil society. We have considered it necessary to state thus broadly at the outset what appears to be the primary principles

of human relationship; for there are not wanting parties who would endeavor to rear systems of society in which the family compact is to have no place, and parental care is to be absolved from its duties — a dream of the imagination, which the common sense of mankind will ever reject as visionary, and consider, for all good purposes, to be impracticable.

Whatever be the benevolence of plans propounded for the rearing of children apart from the parental roof, it can not escape notice that they proceed on a misconception of what education really is. In the treatment which nature dictates, the child is to be cared for in various ways, and for these various ways education to a certain extent, under the immediate direction of parents, is indispensable; in a word, FIRESIDE EDUCATION is necessary to form the perfect being.

Fireside education is thus a wide and comprehensive thing: its enlightened object is to transform a weak, uninstructed child into a healthy and accomplished man or woman. What a variety of considerations are necessarily engaged in this onerous duty! The child is to be cared for physically; that is, as regards food, warmth, clothing, exercise, and, it may be, medical attendance. He is to be cared for morally; in which is involved the suppression of evil passions, the cultivation of the affections, kindness to animals, love of honesty and truth, and worship of the Divine Being. He is to be cared for intellectually; that is, he is to be instructed in all useful knowledge, in order that he may with advantage perform his part in society.

Any routine of education which does not embrace all these particulars, is of course imperfect. Education, as respects mere physical training, may produce a man healthful in constitution, and handsome in appearance, accomplished, possibly, in walking, riding, or in the performance of manual operations; but he who possesses no more education than this, is at best

only an elegant savage. Gladiators, the knights of old, boxers, rope-dancers, and similar personages, furnished examples of this proficiency. Physical, united with intellectual education, but without moral training, produces a still more dangerous character; it is persons so educated who compose a large section of clever and designing criminals, also ambitious and unprincipled men, in different ranks of society. Physical, with intellectual education, is pretty nearly the entire amount of culture imparted at hospital seminaries. No doubt at these institutions the pupils listen to moral admonitions, and repeat answers to questions on religious subjects; but that is not moral education, in the proper sense of the term, and therefore they necessarily are deprived of one of the most important elements of youthful culture.

Moral education may be guided by books and verbal admonitions; precept and persuasion are of undeniable utility; but, strictly speaking, moral culture is valueless unless principle is confirmed into habit. A child, for example, may be taught to commit to memory answers to an immense variety of questions, psalms, hymns, and passages of Scripture; and he may be made to know at the same time that it is sinful to steal, lie, or injure his neighbor; yet, with all this, and apparently a paragon of learning, he may be little better than a heathen, and have no proper sense of applying his knowledge to the regulation of his own conduct. The true explanation of the phenomenon is, that the whole course of moral instruction has been a deceptive make-believe. The power of memory was evoked; but memory is not principle.

In infant schools, which are a species of enlarged and well-conducted family circles, the feelings and propensities are subjected to a systematic training greatly to the advantage of children; and where parents are incapable of properly conducting home education, infant schools are indispensable. Independently of these valuable institutions,

however, there is a lesser or greater necessity for family intercourse, and lamentable is the fate of that child for whom no domestic hearth offers its cheering influence. The fireside may be homely, or it may be dignified; but whether it belongs to poor or rich, it may be equally a shrine of the affections, a scene of happiness, a school of the heart.

A school of the heart! In these words we arrive at the true operation of moral principle. The heart must be touched; the baser propensities subdued; the higher emotions quickened; and all made love and joy within. And how can this be done? Only by moral and religious principle being confirmed by training and exercise, in reference to companions, parents, brothers, sisters, and other relations, as well as the general circumstances by which we are surrounded. The very act of loving and of consulting the feelings of those with whom we are domesticated, strengthens the tendency to well-doing. Nor are the incidents which occur in a family without their value. Births, deaths, meetings of relations, misfortunes, things joyful and things sorrowful, are all means of moral culture. So, likewise, within the domestic circle, are acquired habits of order and perseverance, ideas of personal intercourse and courtesy, along with much familiar but useful knowledge. Recollections of a youthful and well-regulated home form also a source of refined gratification in after-life. How frequently has it been confessed that the remembrance of a father's solicitude and affection has acted like a perpetual beacon in warning from vice! Old remembrances, however, center chiefly round the mother. She is the divinity of the child, and was all in all to him before he knew of any other object of veneration. What hosts of remembrances of this dear departed shade! Her early attention to all his little wants; her anxiety about his personal appearance and behavior, as she used to send him forth every morning to school; her attempts

to shelter him from rebuke and punishment; perhaps her privations, her sufferings, in widowhood; her heroic struggles to maintain appearances, and get her boy forward in the world; her delight, finally, in living to see him in that position of respectability which for years had been the object of her most fondly-cherished hopes; the tranquil close of her existence and dying blessing — all this, and much more, may be said to form an inextinguishable inheritance of pleasurable recollection — a fountain of feeling perpetually welling out, and irrigating those dreary wastes of hard every-day toil and thought which lie irksomely in the path of life.

Nor are the benefits of family intercourse in their immediate or remote consequences confined to the children. "We are very apt to imagine that the family arrangement is entirely for the sake of the young — that the children are exclusively benefited; and that, if it is disturbed or set aside, the children are the only persons who suffer. On the contrary, it appears to us that the old are as much interested in this divine institution as the young; that it is as beneficial to parents as to children; and that any departure from it must bring a penalty upon the parents equal to any which the children can suffer. We are accustomed to hear much, and very justly, of the obligations which children owe to their parents. But while they very wisely impress this on their children, people are very ready to forget, or not remark, that as the child owes much to the parent, so the parent owes much to the child; that while he has been the object and receiver of good, he has also been the minister of good: and every loving thought, every toil, every sacrifice on the part of the parent, has received from day to day a return — a real and most precious reward. Surely those persons judge very erroneously who imagine that all the care, trouble, and expense they lay out upon their children is so much capital sunk, and from which no return is to be expected till the child has grown to maturity,

or at least till he has reached the years of discretion. We are very apt to reckon nothing a blessing which does not come to us in a material form; and so we sometimes undervalue or overlook our highest privileges, because they do not address themselves to our eyes, and can not be felt or handled by us. To any one who observes and reflects, it will, I think, be evident that the parent is as much the better for the child as the child is for the parent; that infancy, childhood, youth, bestow as much on manhood, womanhood, old age, as they derive from them; that this is an instance of that general law, that we can not do good to others without getting good from them. In this field it is impossible to sow without reaping; for the same soil which receives the seed from the bountiful hand, returns it with increase. What blessings, then, are children the means of conveying to their parents! In other words, how is it needful, for the sake of the father and mother, as well as of their offspring, that the family life should be jealously guarded?

"The celebrated Lord Erskine has told us that he never robed himself to plead at the bar, but he thought he felt his children pulling at his gown; and if the history of human thoughts were legible to us as it is to the eye of God, we should doubtless find that multitudes of the greatest men — men who were great in the good that they were enabled to achieve, which is the truest greatness — drew their strongest stimulants from the families God had given them; and that, on the other hand, myriads who have lived usefully and well, had been saved from vices to which they were prone, by the consideration that these would involve in ruin those who were dearer to them than their own life. I might add a great deal more to show that those persons are in a grievous mistake who fancy that, however necessary the parent may be to the child, the child is not necessary or beneficial to the parent. It appears to me on the contrary, that parents who do their duty,

and keep their eyes open, will acknowledge that they have been amply repaid, day by day, for all their anxiety, labor, and pains; that the pleasures and instruction, the incitements to good, the salutary restraints which their children have supplied, the thoughts they have suggested, the feelings they have inspired, were cheaply purchased even with the cost and care of a family, and that children are not, as men burdened in selfishness esteem, a mere tax and burden, but truly a promise and a blessing, as they have pronounced them who lived in the ages of faith."

So much we have thought it desirable to say on the general advantages of fireside in preference to any other species of management for the young; and we now proceed to the more special object of the present sheet.

We take it for granted at the outset that parents desire to see their children grow up healthful, intelligent, honest, orderly, good-hearted — beings able to perform their part creditably in society, and a comfort to all connected with them. Attention to them from birth can not insure these good results; but it will go far toward doing so. It is, at all events, the duty of every parent to do the utmost in his power to rear his children properly, if only to avoid future self-reproaches for his neglect.

MORAL TRAINING.

That which we would here most emphatically insist on is, that in youth, as well as in infancy, the child should, as far as reason or convenience will allow, be suffered to associate with his parents. Socially, the child is the equal of his father and mother. He is younger, but in other respects he is an equal, and should be treated as such. It may seem strange that we should speak of what seems to be an evident truth; but this, like many other truths, is unfortunately apt to be lost sight of. We almost everywhere see children treated as if they were inferior beings, and kept systematically out of sight, like toys, only to be shown

and fondled on certain occasions. In a right domestic management, however, the children are to be viewed as only younger men and women, and respected accordingly. Much practical advantage will arise from this consideration, as will be immediately explained.

A child has every thing to learn, and he learns best by having good examples for imitation. If you, therefore, desire to see your children well-behaved, do not leave them in the charge of servants, who are for the most part ignorant, and otherwise not well adapted to train the minds of young persons. Rear and superintend your children yourself, at least in all matters of general intercourse. They may be dressed and cleaned by domestics, and domestics may also walk out with them; but let them spend a considerable part of their time with you daily in the parlor. In short, you, the parents, are to be the model to be imitated, not the girl who is hired to sweep out the rooms, or to do any other humble office in the household. Being thus the companions of your children, and conscious that every word you utter, and every thing you do, will be imitated, you will of course take care to say and do nothing which can lead to improper habits.

Temper. In all families there are differences of character: one child will be lively, another dull; some will have good, others bad tempers. It is of first importance to cultivate a cheerful temper in children, and therefore the greater care will be required in this respect when there appears to be any deficiency in the natural disposition. Much will depend on how you treat the child. If it be peevish, do not scold or threaten it; and, we may add, in no circumstances get out of temper with it.

The mother of a family with whom we are acquainted pursues the following excellent plan with her children. When one of them cries, or is otherwise in bad humor, she says, "Oh, I see you are not well, my dear; I think you had better go to bed, and I will give you a little medicine." This kind of sympathy usually sets all to rights. The

disinclination to be put to bed and take medicine acts as a sovereign remedy.

Some parents are constantly telling their children not to do this, and not to do that. This is not treating them as equals, and too prominently establishes the principle of inferiority. Children should not be talked to as if they were dogs. They should be requested, not ordered; at least in all ordinary matters, and when they commit no act of insubordination. "I should think you had better not meddle with that knife; it is rather sharp." "I would let alone that piece of broken glass; it is dangerous." "Do n't you think this would be a pleasant day for a walk?" I thought you would not have done so foolish a thing." "I am sorry we can not bear that noise; and I think you had better go to the nursery." By accustoming children to such mild language, they learn to be mild themselves. A soft word will do more with such children than a torrent of reproof.

Firmness, however, is as requisite as mildness in family management. On this point we beg to extract the following observations from the work of Mr. Goodrich on "Fireside Education:" "Some children are easily managed, but there are few who will not sometimes try to have their own way. At one time they will attempt to evade, at another they will brave, authority. In this species of strife they are often sharp-witted and dextrous, and sometimes intrepid, pertinacious, and headstrong. If they succeed once, they gather courage; if twice, they feel assured; if thrice, they triumph. The only safe method is for the parent to meet the first resistance of the child with firmness, and by no means to permit himself to be baffled either by evasion or defiance. But great caution is to be used. The object should be, not merely to make the child obey externally, but internally; to make the obedience sincere and hearty, and to make it flow alike from affection, a sense of duty, and a conviction that he consults his true interest in

so doing. All these motives should be brought to concur in the act; if any one of them is wanting, the obedience is imperfect. To accomplish this thorough subjection of the child to parental authority, it is obvious that great prudence is necessary. There must be no violence, no display of temper, no angry looks, no hasty words. Before he can expect to govern a child, a parent must first learn to govern himself. His own passions being under control, his heart chastened, and the traces of vexation swept from his countenance, he may meet the rebellious child, assured of triumph. That child might resist threats, and be hardened by force; but it will not long resist patient kindness, tender remonstrance, affectionate counsel.

Truth. Accustom your children, from the earliest infancy, to speak the truth; and this they will do, if not prevented by servants, or by their parents. How lamentable is it to find persons so lost to all sense of obligation as to encourage deceit in their children! A mother will be heard admonishing them to conceal such a thing from the knowledge of their father—to say they did not see so and so, etc. Such deceits are ruinous to the moral character of children, and, we need not say here, that they are grossly wicked.

Children should never hear a falsehood uttered. The very idea of there being such a thing as untruth ought not to come across their mind, unless indeed, when the criminality and fruits of falsehood require explanation and reproof. Every encouragement, even to the pardoning of offenses, should be given to truth. Cultivate in the child's mind a love of candor, straightforwardness, honor, and integrity, along with a corresponding hatred of falsehood, equivocation, dishonesty, and meanness. Lessons in these things, however, will be of little use. The cultivation must be by the training of motives and principles into confirmed habits, and that can be realized only within the family circle.

Religious impressions, in the same manner, require to be made in the first place by parents as much as possible by means of practical habits and personal explanations. As the mind expands, the leading characteristics of creation and Providence, the nature of God, and the reasons for his being an object of veneration and worship, may be explained. And from these as starting points, all proper explanations as to religious doctrine and duties will naturally diverge.

Some parents, either because they are themselves ignorant, or because they will not take the trouble, leave their children to pick up religious knowledge from catechisms, the learning of which they rigorously enforce. We fear no little mischief arises from this practice. Few young people can understand the meaning of catechisms, and the obligation to learn them, as a task, is apt to disgust them with what ought to be the grandest of all subjects of meditation. We advise great caution in the way of enforcing catechetical instruction.

PERSONAL HABITS — HEALTH.

Speaking. Speak to and in the presence of children in correct phraseology and grammar. Never employ a single slang or loose expression. Let the sounds, the emphasis, the diction, be all as they ought to be. This may be troublesome—not, however, to people of good education—but remember the reward which will ensue. Accustomed to speak correctly from infancy, the child, as a matter of habit, will avoid errors of expression, and scarcely require any instruction in the dry rules of grammar.

One of the most serious errors in education is habituating children to speak ungrammatically; not from any deliberate intention, but from mere carelessness, and more particularly from leaving them almost exclusively in the hands of servants. By this sort of tuition, children are compelled to learn two dialects instead of one—the ungrammatical form of speech in

use among the lowest of the population, and that which is seen in books. Unfortunately, the former becomes their vernacular; and so little do they acquire of correct speech, that schoolmasters spend years in trying to impart to them a proper knowledge of grammar. We repeat, that if children be taught to speak correctly from the first, they will be saved the drudgery of learning grammar by rule. The practice of requiring children to be instructed to speak and write correctly by schoolmasters, is by no means creditable to intelligent parents, and affords too strong grounds for the belief that this branch of culture is generally neglected.

Manners. If parents possess good manners, so also will their children, if they be allowed to associate with them. Thus, a child, as his perceptions become more vigorous, will instinctively, and with very little verbal instruction, learn to come into and go out of a room, speak to and shake hands with visitors, sit at table, and so on, all according to what is usually considered good manners. Sedateness in children is of course out of the question, and ought neither to be expected nor insisted on. All that is wanted is a reasonable attention to decorum, along with a happy buoyancy of disposition.

Manners can not be taught by rule. Some parents, not aware of this fact, pursue the following practice: To suit their own immediate convenience, they keep their children aloof in nurseries, or in the hands of servants, and only permit them to enter the parlor as a special indulgence. Finding that this creates bashfulness, they endeavor to school their children into certain forms of behavior. Thus they will be heard giving them the following directions: "When you come into the room, you will be sure to go and shake hands with all the gentlemen; and remember not to hang down your head, but look everybody in the face, as if you were not ashamed. And remember not to slip behind the chairs, or go below the table, for nobody wishes to

do you any harm; and remember to say, 'Yes, sir,' or 'No, sir,' when a gentleman speaks to you; and remember to speak prettily, and do n't suck, or put your finger in your mouth; and above all things, remember not to make a noise, for if you do, I shall have you turned out of the room. Now, therefore, remember to behave yourself; and if you do n't, it will be the worse for you."

And this is called teaching manners! We would not speak harshly on the subject; for mothers who address themselves in this form to their children, only err from ignorance of their duties. All telling about behavior to children is the next thing to useless. The true method of teaching manners is to let them be fixed by habit; and this, as already stated, is done by the simple process of bringing up children in the society of their parents, for by this means they have to behave well as a mere matter of imitation. The companionship, however, requires to be general, not at particular occasions.

We would hold it to be an impossibility to impart agreeable manners to children, if they are turned out of the parlor in the objurgatory strain which is sometimes employed. Becoming tired of them, or wishing to be private, the father or mother will occasionally be heard telling them, in an angry tone of voice, "to go out of the room this moment, or they will beat them if they do n't." How can children, who are thus scolded and tyrannized over, be expected to come forward cheerfully in company? Oppressed with apprehensions, and positively ignorant of modes of behavior from want of training, they are alternately timid and restless; and feeling themselves under a restraint in company, they gladly rush into the society of servants, or of any companions they can pick up.

Health and cleanliness. To insure, as far as possible, bodily health in your children, let them enjoy the open air daily; accustom them to walk, and to take pleasure in out-door excursions.

sions. Let them sleep in airy apartments, and cause them to attend strictly to personal cleanliness. Do not leave it to chance, but instruct them how they should wash their face and hands, clean their teeth every morning, and comb and brush their hair.

As they grow up, make them fully aware of the necessity for attending to various matters connected with their own health. Among other things, the operation of various kinds of food on the system, and the danger of excessive indulgence, should be explained as opportunities occur. Some knowledge of the administration and operation of medicines — not the trash of quack advertisers — should likewise be communicated.

By precept, as well as by example, children should be warned against intemperance. Unfortunately, many parents, influenced by no bad intentions, but only from heedlessness, or misapplied affection, are seen giving their children drops of wine, or other kinds of intoxicating liquor, and so commencing bad habits. When the children are constitutionally tender, these indulgences will seriously damage health, besides being perhaps morally ruinous.

Many persons, men and women, are seen to have irregularly set or bad teeth. In almost every instance this has been caused by the carelessness of parents. It is the duty of every mother to watch the growth of her children's teeth; and if any of them appear to be growing in an irregular manner, she should cause them to be put in proper order by a dentist. Some American mothers are scrupulously careful on this point, and they have, accordingly, the satisfaction of seeing their children grow up with rows of fine teeth.

Self-service. Accustom your children to use their hands as well as their heads. Teach them that they must learn to serve themselves; that they can not expect always to be ministered to by servants or by their mothers.

All boys and girls should acquire a habit of keeping their clothes as neat

and clean as possible, and of laying them by for future use. Girls, in particular, can not too early learn to fold up and put away their clothes, and to acquire other habits of neatness and order.

At the proper age, girls should be taught to knit, darn, and sew. The ability to make and mend their own garments will to many prove little less than a fortune. The art of mending is at least indispensable; and no mother performs her duty who does not insist on her daughters acquiring this accomplishment. Every girl should be made to understand that a hole in her stockings or gloves, or any similar defect in her dress, is a mark of personal indolence.

Boys and girls as they grow up, should equally acquire the power of doing many little things which will prove useful in life. We know the father of a family who insists on each of his children learning how to tie different kinds of knots, to tie up parcels with cord, to draw a cork, to light a fire, to cut the leaves of a book, to deliver a message, to arrange books on shelves, to brush their clothes, to pack a trunk, etc. Each of his boys is taught how to fold a coat for traveling. There is much practical wisdom in these instructions.

Money. Young people should be accustomed to the use and value of money. Where it can be at all afforded, they should be given a trifle of pocket-money weekly, the amount perhaps being regulated by good conduct. By this means they will generally learn by experience that money is easily spent and lost, and that it needs to be husbanded if any thing important is to be bought. If deprived of money altogether, they will covet that belonging to others; and when at length they enter the world, and are intrusted with funds, they will in all probability become heedless spend-thrifts. That money is a representative of the savings of labor, and not got without patient industry, is one of the lessons which a parent will not fail to impart to his children.

OBEDIENCE, DILIGENCE, AND TRUTH.

IT is said that when the mother of Washington was asked how she had formed the character of her son, she replied that she had early endeavored to teach him three things: obedience, diligence and truth. No better advice can be given by any parent.

Teach your children to obey. Let it be the first lesson. You can hardly begin too soon. It requires constant care to keep up the habit of obedience, and especially to do it in such a way as not to break down the strength of the child's character.

Teach your children to be diligent. The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of almost every virtue. Nothing can be more foolish than an idea which parents have, that it is not respectable to set their children to work. Playing is a good thing, innocent recreation is an employment, and a child may learn to be diligent in that as in other things; but let them learn to be useful. As to truth, it is the one essential thing. Let every thing else be sacrificed rather than that. Without it, what dependence can you place on your child? And be sure to do nothing yourself to give the lie to your own precepts.

Learning is not wisdom: we may master all the lore of antiquity, be conversant with all the writings, the sayings and the actions of the mighty dead—we may fathom science, read the heavens, understand their laws and their revolutions, dive into mysteries of matter, and explain the phenomena of earth and air; yet if we are not able to weigh our own actions and requirements with the action of others in the balance of even-handed, impartial justice, and repine not at the verdict; if we have not yet obtained the perfect knowledge and perfect government of ourselves, and strictly and faithfully maintained the secret spring of minds, the fountain of our opinions and motives of our action, if we have not yet

learned that "love is the fulfilling of the law"—*we are not wise*—we are as yet only on the threshold of knowledge.

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.

FASHION kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect.

The slave-woman at her tasks will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her mistresses pass away. The washerwoman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all die around her. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a sad truth that fashion-pampered women are almost worthless for all the great ends of human life. They have not force of character; they have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life, they accomplish no worthy ends; are only doll-forms in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They dress nobody; they feed nobody; they instruct nobody; they bless nobody; and save nobody. They write no books; they set no rich examples of virtue, and womanly life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do it all, save to conceive and give them birth. And when reared, what are they? What do they ever amount to, but weaker actions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue or power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and good men and woman. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprang from plain, strong minded woman, who had about as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds.

MONTHLY DIGEST OF NEWS.

CONGRESS re-assembled on Monday the 1st December, at noon. Of the three hundred and two members comprising both houses, but thirty-nine were absent. Mr. Phelps presented the credentials of Mr. Whitfield, delegate from Kansas. A debate arose concerning Mr. Whitfield's right to a seat, which resulted in a refusal to admit him by a majority of fifty-seven.

The President's message was sent in the next day at noon. After a due consideration of his own and other peoples' politics, Mr. Pierce treats of the condition of the country clearly and concisely. The fiscal receipts of the year sum up as follows: From Customs, \$61,000,000; other sources, \$3,918,141; balance on hand, July 1, 1855, \$18,931,976. Total receipts of the year, \$92,850,117. The expenditures are: Ordinary expenses, \$57,172,402; Mexican debt, \$3,000,000; public debt, \$12,776,300. Total expenditures, \$72,948,792.

The average expenditures of the past five years, deducting payments upon the Mexican public debt, have been but about \$18,000,000. A reduction of the revenue from customs is thus justified and recommended. Changes in the distribution of the troops, and an increase of the naval force are urged. The sales of public lands for the year have been 9,227,878 acres, for which \$3,821,414 has been received. There have been located with military scrip and land warrants 30,100,230 acres; and 16,873,699 acres have been surveyed and are now ready for market. The expenditures of the Post-Office Department were \$10,407,868; receipts, \$7,620,801, showing a deficiency of \$2,787,046, an increase of \$774,000 over last year.

With regard to our foreign relations we are informed that, as to Great Britain, the Central American difficulty is in process of adjustment, and the Fishery Treaty works well. Nothing has yet come of our efforts to escape payment of the Sound Dues. With Spain little progress has been made in settling old difficulties, and, what is still more remarkable, no new ones have arisen. The proceedings of our government and those of Europe concerning privateering, blockade and immunity of private property in time of war are rehearsed. From Mexico our citizens continue to suffer wrongs. Though a temporary necessity existed for the temporary recognition of Walker's government, its prospects are now too unsettled to allow of any decisive action.

The Report of the Secretary of the Navy is an interesting one. The estimates for the support of the Navy and Marine Corps for the next year amount to \$3,912,979. The Naval Academy and Observatory both con-

tinue to prosper. Better provision and higher wages are recommended for sailors, to promote enlistment. The feasibility of a sub-Atlantic telegraph is considered established. Our new steam-frigates are all afloat, and the most sanguine expectations of the department have been realized.

ASIDE from the discussion of the President's Message, the business of Congress may be summed up pretty much as follows: In the Senate, the election of the Rev. Mr. Hill, a Baptist minister of Washington, as Chaplain, and the appointment by the President of J. G. Harrison, of Kentucky, as Judge for Kansas, in the place of Judge Lecompte, removed. On the 9th December Mr. Whitfield's claims to a seat, were again urged upon the House. The former vote was reconsidered and Mr. Whitfield was admitted by a majority of four. A bill was introduced authorizing the Postmaster General to make a contract with Cornelius Vanderbilt to carry the mails between New York and Liverpool for the sum of \$16,608 for the round trip. In case the steamers employed by Mr. Vanderbilt are unable to make as good time as the Cunarders, then one thousand dollars to be deducted for every twelve hours deficiency. Some private bills were also attended to. The agitation of the expediency of opening the slave trade resulted in the adoption of the following resolution, offered by Mr. Etheridge, of Tenn., by 95 majority. *Resolved*, That this House regard all suggestions or propositions of every kind, by whomsoever made, for the revival of the slave trade, as shocking to the moral sentiments of the enlightened portion of mankind; any act on part of Congress or legislature, conniving at or legalizing that horrid and inhuman traffic, would justly subject the United States to the reproach and execration of all civilized and Christian people throughout the world. Mr. Orr's resolution, simply declaring it inexpedient, unwise, and contrary to the policy of the United States to repeal laws prohibiting the African slave trade, was agreed to, only eight voting in the negative.

A TREATY has recently been negotiated between the United States and Venezuela, and it is considered by Secretary Marcy as one of great importance to the United States, as it adjusts all the difficulties which have existed between the governments.

PRIVATE advices from London state that the cable of the New York, New Foundland and London Telegraph Company is being manufactured at the rate of ten or twelve miles per day, and that there is no doubt that the whole will be completed before next June.

MINNESOTA is about to take the initiatory steps for admission into the Union as a state, through its delegate, Mr. Rice. It is estimated that a census to determine the number of representatives to which she would be entitled, if taken now, would show a population of nearly or quite two hundred thousand, and that, by the time it shall be taken, it will amount to a number sufficient to give this flourishing territory a right to at least three representatives. In 1860 it is estimated that her population will have become half a million, and that, even with the highest probable ratio of representation, she will be entitled to four representatives.

THE Canadian Parliament is called *pro forma* for the 13th of January next. . . The Board of Trade of Toronto have expressed the opinion that the Hudson's Bay Co.'s territories should be thrown open to commercial enterprise. This question in Canada has assumed the form of a regular agitation. . . A meeting in favor of establishing a line of propellers between Chicago and Montreal was held during the week, and resolutions were adopted in favor of the project. . . Public feeling is strong in favor of a reciprocity treaty between Canada and the West Indies.

CALIFORNIA NEWS.—The election for President in California had resulted in favor of the democracy. The vote polled was: Buchanan, 60,000; Fillmore, 35,000; Fremont, 19,000. The Legislature is also democratic. Further advices give bad accounts of Walker. It is stated that he had been driven from every place where he had obtained a footing, with the exception of the transit routes. The last accounts report that four hundred of his force, after fighting for nine days, were at Grenada surrounded by the Costa Rican, Salvador and Guatamala forces. Gen. Walker was on board a steamer on the lake, without communication with his army, and his men were suffering for the want of provisions and clothing, and were dying off by disease.

GEN. HARNEY and suite had arrived at Key West on a tour of inspection to the different posts there. Flags of truce were hoisted at all the posts through the country, for the purpose of calling in the Indians for a talk, and if possible to bring them into terms of peace.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THERE was little actual change in the aspect of political affairs, but it was evident that the diplomatic complications which have resulted from the treaty of Paris were tending toward serious consequences if not speedily solved in a friendly manner. The Czar had not receded from his position on the Bolgrad boundary question, nor given up his claim to the Isle of Serpents, and demanded the assembling of another Conference before he

would do so. France was in accord with Russia in this view of the case. The Neapolitan minister left Paris on the 27th ult., and went to Brussels to which court he was also accredited.

FROM the accounts received from the wine growing districts in France and Germany, it seems probable that unless the vintage of 1857 should prove more than usually abundant, we shall have wines at higher prices than for many years past. The total yield of the French vineyards this year has not been more than one-fifth of an average crop, whilst the yield of the German vineyards is little more favorable.

FROM England the report is, that business has greatly improved, and the financial crisis is thought to be over. The bank, however, has not yet reduced the rate of discount. The French government is said to be considering the propriety of making gold the standard of the circulation.

THE United States Corvette Constellation had arrived in the Golden Horn, and exchanged her salute with the batteries of Topkhane. The appearance of a man-of-war not belonging to the Allies caused rather an excitement, especially as the first report had enlarged her into a sixty gun frigate.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL details are given of the origin of the insurrection at Malaga, on the 12th of last month, which show that it was a formidable political revolt, and not a mere smuggling transaction, as was originally asserted.

MR. JAMES MANSFIELD, a gentleman who though not very tall was of the most remarkable diameter, died Nov. 9, at Debden, England, in his 82d year. His circumference is stated at nine feet, and his weight 462 lbs.

THE Anglo-Saxon alliance was still in a precarious state, and a political and national war of words was waged daily between the newspapers of London and Paris.

THE news of Mr. Buchanan's election created considerable sensation in Madrid, where he is looked upon as the candidate of the Cuban filibusters.

AN explosion recently took place on board the West India Mail steamer Parana, at Southampton, killing three men and wounding nine others.

IN Turkey, Ali Pacha, the new minister of foreign affairs and the chief supporter at Court of the English interest, had resigned his office.

SWITZERLAND holds good her determination to assert the independence of the Canton of Neuchatel from Prussian control.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

WHAT WE BREATHE.

BREATHING is the primary condition of life, and depending upon it momentarily as we do for our existence, we are certainly far less particular about the quality of what we breathe than we are about other less important necessities of our lives. Many persons will smother in a foul atmosphere, and wonder why their physical systems become so prostrate, without in the least suspecting that they are robbing themselves of nature's first demand for existence. People of sedentary habits, whose time is spent in close, heated rooms, where the blood becomes vitiated and cold for the want of its proper air-bath in the lungs; and the limbs benumbed and chilled for want of proper exercise, will heap on more fire in order to secure the desired warmth, thus burning out more completely that very element in the air which they needed most to keep them warm. This they do instead of taking a few rapid turns across the room by way of exercise, or throwing open the windows in order to let in fresh, oxygenated air, which the lungs and blood would gather as fuel for producing the most wholesome warmth in the world. Such people require continually an increase of heat, and become so accustomed to overheated, and consequently thin-aired apartments, that the uncleansed blood becomes every day thinner and paler, and the extremities more numb and cold, until there is not internal fire enough left to support life, and they die, not from a sudden deprivation of breath, as nature intended they should, but from a long continued want of it.

Persons who are occupied with hurrying, absorbing labor during the day, will often forget the air they are breathing until it becomes too oppressive to endure, and as day after day they become more accustomed to this oppression, they seem to grow wholly oblivious of its consequences, and live on repining at their physical wretchedness; as if the broad world did not contain air enough for them to breathe.

But while many persons thus voluntarily deprive themselves of that which nature has

provided to supply the first requirement of existence, there are many who are deprived of pure air by circumstances over which they have little or no control.

Those who live in the crowded quarters of large cities, belong to this class, especially those of the poor whom necessity drives in large numbers to inhabit small and ill-ventilated apartments, and where the quarter in which they live, can not, with its constant vitiation, supply pure air enough for its teeming inhabitants to breathe.

Such people, either from personal uncleanness, or from employment in uncleanly occupations, will each of them vitiate an undue proportion of the atmosphere, and, indeed, families thus crowded, usually know little about cleanliness in their mode of life, and have little encouragement to practice it if they do. Many such persons, it is true, are obliged for a portion of the day to labor in the open air, and are thus in a measure saved from the baneful effects of the foul dens in which they live; but there are yet many who are forced to remain in them day after day, and the results in vitiating the blood and vitiating the health, in vitiating the appetites, and vitiating the morals, are incalculably bad. A person used to a pure atmosphere can scarcely draw a breath in one of these crowded dwellings without a sense of suffocation. If such persons understand—as they rarely do—their want of pure air, and throw up their windows to obtain it, they will usually be greeted by a flood of coal smoke from the surrounding chimneys, or the foul effluvia from some ill-kept yard or cess-pool near.

Many a little grave in the potter's field will attest the fearful results of this wholesale poisoning; for we believe that as many children perish in the verge of life for want of pure air, which is nature's first demand, as from any one cause whatever. In many cases this poisoning of young children is wholly unnecessary, and proceeds from a blind watchfulness on the part of its mother or nurse. Many a child has perished or grown rickety from the multitude of its blankets, the undue heat of its apartments, or the

anxiety with which the mother cried, "Do n't open that door," whenever an attempt of the kind was made.

We all know the ill-effects which an infant or an invalid may experience from a direct and continued draft of air, but this evil seems to be much better understood than that which comes from a want of pure air for the lungs. And there are many apartments where the opening and shutting the doors in winter is really almost their only mode of ventilation. Where this is the case, and a room can only be ventilated by the raising of windows, or the opening, or *fanning* of the doors, it can easily be done in such a way that the most delicate person need not suffer from the draft, if only a little thought is used in the operation.

The following statistics with regard to the contamination of air in crowded quarters of cities, will have much interest to all who care what we breathe: *

"Let us suppose a family — one of which there are hundreds of examples, consisting of ten adult persons, dwelling in a small, ill-ventilated house, and negligent of personal and domestic cleanliness, and further, that the time severally passed within-doors by the ten individuals, some of whom are constantly at home, while others are temporarily absent, amounts in the aggregate to twelve hours out of every twenty-four. The amount of effete matters thrown out by the lungs and skin, by such a family, within their dwellings in one month, is five hundred pounds; in six months, 3033 pounds, four ounces; and in one year, 6083 pounds, four ounces. Though by far the greater part of these secretions consist of carbonic acid, water, and salts, yet the *quantity of ejected animal matter* is not inconsiderable. It amounts in one month to six pounds, three ounces, and in one year to seventy-six pounds, ten pennyweights." Taking the people of a city in mass, the following statistics are given:

"If we assume as a numeral basis a population equal to 200,000 adults, it will be found, if calculated as in former examples,

that the entire pulmonary and cutaneous egesta amount in one month to 20,000,000 pounds; in six months to 121,333,333 pounds; and in one year to 293,332,233 pounds; and that the *exhaled animal matter alone*, amounts in the first of these periods to 250,000 pounds; in the second, 1,516,666; and in the last to 3,041,665."

Now, if this matter, as a large portion of it does, must rankle in the air, what must the inhabitants of cities breathe? The compiler of these statistics goes on to say: "Populate a city as densely as are the alleys and courts of many cities, and the consequence will be that the whole population will feel the influence of an *idio miasmatic* atmosphere, and disease be extensively produced." It is computed that in London one in thirty-nine die annually.

"But if the rate of mortality were one in fifty, in place of one in thirty-nine, as it is in several large towns of England, and in the healthier parts of the metropolis itself, there would be an annual saving of 10,278 lives. In the metropolis there are about two hundred and sixty-six deaths every week, nearly thirty-eight deaths a day, or considerably more than one every hour, *over and above* what ought to happen in the common course of nature. Now it has been calculated that for every death which takes place, there are twenty-eight cases which do not end fatally. We have therefore 388,296 cases of sickness occurring in the metropolis every year which are unnecessary and preventable: 13,832 lives could be saved — more than a third of a million of cases could be prevented!"

Those persons who, by their uncleanly habits, or a selfish disregard of the well-being of others, fail to remove as far as possible these causes of disease, are contributing largely to the wholesale murder consequent upon the dense population of cities. Indeed, there are many ways in which the selfish and indifferent can contrive to rob those who are really fainting for the pure air of heaven, of the due share that was ordained for them. Go into a close railroad car in the winter and notice the crowd about the over-heated stove, throwing their apple-parings, and peanuts, and bits of cheese upon the already steaming and poisonous surface, and tell us if they are not robbing every respectable

* These statistics are gathered from a "Report of the Sanitary Police of Cities," by our townsman, JAMES M. NEWMAN, M., D. which comes opportunely to hand while we are writing, and which all dwellers in cities will do well to read."

person in the car of that approach to purity of atmosphere, which might otherwise have been obtained, and consequently of a portion of life. See the smoker on the platform, whiffing away with the greatest self-gratulation, in the enjoyment of his cigar, while the foul effluvia of his tobacco-smoke penetrates every crevice of the swift-rushing car, and pours through the ever-opening door, causing ladies and children, already exhausted with long travel, to bow their heads in an agony of nausea and pain, from which they will not recover for days after the cigar which caused their misery has been enjoyed (?) and forgotten; and tell us if he is not for his own momentary gratification robbing others of their rightful portion of comfort and life?

The tired sewing-girl, or the weary invalid, snatches a rare moment of time or strength, and goes out into the street, hoping to find there the pure atmosphere of which the lungs are so much in need, but just in front of her she finds some laborer with his pipe, pouring out its nauseous cloud, and poisoning every breath which she might otherwise obtain. She crosses the street, hoping to breathe freely there, but a gentleman with his cigar is just enough in advance to give her the full benefit of the poison he deals out, and sick and exhausted she turns homeward, to find in her own close apartment a purer atmosphere than the streets can afford. Of the use of tobacco by those who choose to use it we have nothing to say. It is a kind of suicide not forbidden by law; but the right of a gentleman thus to rob others of air and comfort, and life, we can not fail to question. And yet many would wonder that its propriety should be doubted, because, indeed, *it is sanctioned by custom*. We all know that a hatred of tobacco is indigenous to the soil of human nature, and can only be eradicated by the most persevering efforts. To be sure when a child has been reared from its cradle under a canopy of tobacco smoke, it may come to regard it as its native air. But with those who have grown up in a pure atmosphere, a love of the weed can only be acquired after crushing out a most serious revolt of nature.

However, we had not thought of taking up arms against the overwhelming army of

smokers, but only of giving tobacco-smoke its due place among the list of poisons we must breathe, and of questioning whether this peculiar kind of gratification might not be enjoyed in places where it would not rob the already gasping denizens of cities of such a portion of pure air as they might otherwise appropriate.

The subject of ventilation is one which has attracted much attention for some years past, and yet the most approved modes of ventilation are now to be found only in our public buildings, and in the dwellings of the rich. Public buildings in which crowds are apt to assemble are of course the places which require most thorough ventilation, for with all the means that ingenuity can invent, it can not fail to be injurious to remain long in the seething atmosphere of these crowded apartments. This should be an additional inducement to public lecturers and all others who entertain people in large masses to be pithy and brief, for, aside from a regard to the health of their audience, they should remember that wit and wisdom, however brilliant, will appear dull and heavy to those who are breathing the dull and heavy atmosphere which has become poisoned by the noxious vapors from so many lungs.

It is an obvious duty with parents to see that the apartments in which their children are sent to school are sufficiently *ventilated*, and no amount of taxation necessary to secure this end should be regarded, for it is far better to tax the property than the health which children are to inherit. Almost all young children are taught in masses so large that the individual comfort of each one can not be *very* closely attended to by those employed to instruct them. In order to secure the quiet necessary for imparting instruction, the children must be placed and kept in ranges of seats, some of which are near to, and some remote from the warming apparatus, which is usually one of those red hot stoves that Downing has called "*the favorite poison of America*." In securing requisite warmth for all, the room is apt to become overheated; and though the teacher may be fully aware that the air of the apartment is unfit to breathe, yet, where the only mode of cleansing it is by the opening of a window or a door, it can rarely be done in these crowded

rooms without a direct draft being thrown upon some little child who is too young to know whether he is taking cold from it or not. In schools for older children the difficulty is not so great, for they can understand and explain their wants better, and have usually more space allotted them; but there are no rooms in the world which want more careful ventilation than the primary apartments of our public schools.

HOUSEKEEPER'S HOME.

FOOD FOR THE NURSERY.—M. Soyer, in one of the letters in his "Modern Housewife," says: "I must call your special attention to the manner in which many people treat this department of domestic comfort, which is often very slight and irregular. Now for my part I have made quite a study of it, and could prove that health is *always* dependant on the state of the digestive organs; and that if you should improperly treat young stomachs, by over or under-supplying their wants, or using them to ill-cooked food, you not only destroy the functionary coating of the stomach, but also impede the development of the intellect. It is then as much a science to manage the food of children as to cater for the palate of the gourmet; and I shall always consider that good food is to the body what education is to the mind."

For "preparing that glutinous food upon which our ancestors and race were first reared, rather unclassically denominated *pap*," he gives the following recipes:

"Put two ounces of rusk in a small saucepan, with just water enough to moisten them; set the saucepan upon the fire until its contents are thoroughly warmed through; pour a little of the water away if too thin, pressing the rusk with a spoon; then add a teaspoonful of brown sugar, and beat the whole to a pulp; it is then ready for use."

French mode: "Put a tablespoonful of flour in a pap saucepan, to which add by degrees two gills of milk, mixing it into a very smooth batter. Place the saucepan upon the fire, and let it boil for ten minutes, keeping it stirred the whole time, or it is liable to burn or become brown; then add about half an ounce of sugar and a little salt; put it into a basin and it is ready for use."

For bread and milk which is given as "the

proper diet of children of twelve months old," we have the following rule:

"Cut about two ounces of any white bread into small thin slices, which put into a small basin, or a large breakfast cup. In a little saucepan have half a pint of milk, which when upon the point of boiling, pour over the bread; cover the cup over five minutes and it is ready for use."

"I much prefer this method to that of boiling the bread and milk together. In first commencing to feed a child upon the above, I always added a little sugar, which I withdrew by degrees, as I do not like to accustom children to too much sweets, as it inclines them when a little older to be always wanting sweet stuff, which often spoils the best set of teeth. And here let me remark that the finest fortune you can give to your children is health, and as loving mothers, while we have them under our control, it is our duty to study their little comforts, and direct their first steps in life in the road of happiness.

* * * When my children were about eighteen months or two years old, I used to give them a little tender meat, such as boiled mutton, and broth, but in very small quantities, keeping still for the general food the bread and milk and porridge."

We could not avoid giving these simple rules of diet for the nursery; they differ so widely from that adopted by many people in this country, whose little children before they are fairly able to sit alone on the floor, may be seen with bits of cake, or doughnuts, or even pieces of meat in their hands, regaling themselves satisfactorily, in order that they may be quiet for the moment, and groan out years of dyspeptic misery in consequence, thereafter.

Dyspepsia has been called a disease peculiar to this country, and we have no doubt but a large proportion of it is thus fostered by improper diet in infancy.

For children between two years of age and eight or ten, M. Soyer gives bread and milk for breakfast; dinner of plain roast or boiled mutton or beef, with plain bread, rice or pease puddings, baked apples, etc., and bread and milk again for supper.

If the trouble and expense of a separate nursery table can be afforded, it would undoubtedly be better, for young children

would not then have their appetites tempted by the richer food upon which older people usually regale themselves, and with a proper person who has nothing to do but wait upon them during the meal, their manners at table would be better attended to; and this proper person had better be the mother. But most people among us cannot afford this addition to the household machinery, and in this case it would be benevolence and wisdom on the part of the parents to bring their own diet as far as consistent within the limits of that which it is proper for their children to eat. They would lose nothing in health, comfort, or income by this procedure.

PROPER HOURS FOR TAKING FOOD.—There is probably as much harm done by allowing children to eat at all kinds of improper hours, as by giving them improper food. Children should from their birth be accustomed to take food at regular intervals, and though these periods occur more frequently in infancy, every child should, as early as possible, accustom himself to take all the food that nature requires, at the regular periods in which his meals are prepared. Where children are allowed to eat at all hours of the day, whenever it may occur to them to do so they will mix the taking of food in with their amusements, and eat to surfeiting because they are tired of their toys and do not know what else to do. And parents who permit this are just as sure to have sickly children as they are to allow the unwise indulgence.

Chambers says on this subject: The selfish or lower feelings are first in the individual to call for attention, and they may therefore be first treated in this place.

That early developed instinct which regards food, is so liable to be over-indulged by a mistaken kindness, that we feel particularly called upon to give a warning with regard to it.

The unavoidable effect of such over-indulgence is to produce pampering and fastidious habits, equally degrading to the moral as they are dangerous to the physical system. The food of the young should never be otherwise than simple, if we were merely to regard their health; still more should it be so, if we would preserve in them manly and hardy habits. On the rare occasions when a little treat is afforded, care should of course be ta-

ken that it is of a nature in all respects harmless. Comfits should be few and far between, if ever given at all; and rewards and punishments should never have reference to edible things. As to liquor of any kind, such as men are themselves but too much accustomed to indulge in, certainly one drop should never enter the lips of a young person on any pretext whatever. There are few sights more distressing to a reflecting mind than that of parents handing the so fatal wine-cup to their children.

The quantity of food given to the young should never be stinted from penurious or ascetic motives; but it is very certain that great errors are committed in giving too much and too frequently. Eating is altogether too much a matter of habit, and that with regard to quantity as well as quality. The amount actually required for the efficient support of the system is, under natural circumstances, not great; it is generally much exceeded.

There is therefore, room for a judicious restriction, within the range of common practice. It is but a result of the general law that a systematic moderation at this period of life will lead to easily maintained temperance in future days, and thus be productive of the greatest blessings.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. P. A. C. Our premiums are awarded to those procuring subscribers at club prices, and it is not necessary that the *Magazines* should be sent to one address, or to one post office. The *HOME* and *CASKET* are *not* sent to one address for \$1.50 except in clubs. You are already entitled, by our rates, to a copy of each for the ensuing year.

Mrs. N. K. P. Our recent illness has accumulated so much work upon our hands that we cannot reply individually to our numerous correspondents, as we would in many cases be glad to do. Our rules entitle you to copies of *HOME* and *CASKET* for the ensuing year.

Mrs. SIGOURNEY sends us a charming letter from New York, and furnishes again for our pages the useful and valued efforts of her writing genius. Some welcome contributions were received too late to appear in this number, and will find a place in our next.